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LIGHT OF TRUTH

C. M. Hayes
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VISIONS SEEN BY DYING WOMEN.

Friends who attended two women in Newark, N. J., one of whom is now dead, while the other is on her death-bed, are convinced that they saw through the veil that divides this world from the next.

The city is stirred by reports of these visions "from beyond," and can give no better explanation of them than that offered by the attendant women who heard the patients describe what they saw.

The first case is that of Miss Mattie Oakley, eighteen years old, who lived with her aunt, Mrs. M. E. Van Ness, of No. 30 Elizabeth avenue.

She fell ill three weeks ago. Her aunt, Mrs. Van Ness, tells the story of the vision convincingly, for she is herself convinced.

She was sitting with the girl on the afternoon of the day she died. They prayed together. She feared that her niece might die at any moment.

For a long time the girl lay still, her eyes fixed upon the ceiling, as if she looked through and beyond it. Then she turned to Mrs. Van Ness and said she had just seen a beautiful vision.

"I stood in heaven," she said.

Her voice was calm. She seemed to be of normal mind.

"What have you seen?" Mrs. Van Ness asked.

"My father and mother," the girl replied. "They spoke to me. Mother told me to be a good girl. Father said, 'Come to me.'"

Mrs. Van Ness and the girl sang a hymn together. A little later the girl died. Mrs. Van Ness is confident that her niece was rational and that she saw that of which she spoke.

The other case is that of Mrs. George W. Beatty, of No. 87 Sussex avenue. She is 62 years old. She was attacked by paralysis about four months ago. Just before the first stroke, she says, the mother of former Mayor Daniel W. Beatty of Washington, N. J., her stepson, appeared beside her bed, "robed in pure gold."

A little later she saw Mrs. John Walters, a former friend, who has been dead for half a century. The spirit of her late husband appeared walking beside a beautiful river.

She called aloud to him, and then she realized that she was in her own room, but the spirit was beside her. It lingered for a moment, she said, and then passed through the door, although the door was closed.

At this time, it is said, the clock in former Mayor Beatty's house, in Washington, stopped. The hour of her vision, her friends say, was identical with that at which the clock stopped.



MRS. MABEL ABER JACKMAN.

Neither of the women mentioned has been regarded as superstitious. Mrs. Beatty has been during almost all of her life a member of the Methodist church. Physicians say she can not live more than three weeks.

DR. LOUIS FREEDMAN.

The following account of one of Dr. Freedman's late cures appears in an Ashtabula, O., paper:

The family of Mr. Winter, proprietor of the Center street bakery, are greatly elated over what promises to be a wonderful cure of the wife and mother, Mrs. Margaret Winter, who has been entirely helpless for seven years, during which time she could not raise a hand or move any member on account of "creeping" paralysis.

Upon hearing of the case, a Beacon representative called at the Winter home Tuesday to satisfy himself of the situation. Mr. Winter stated that his wife had been examined by leading physicians of Cleveland and all pronounced her case utterly hopeless. The patient could not utter a word so

it could be understood and had to have a constant attendant to feed and otherwise care for her.

The husband took his wife to Dr. Freedman at the Smith house last week and one can scarcely imagine the astonishment and joy he felt when, after the second treatment she walked across the room. The lady cannot rise from her chair yet, but she was placed on her feet and walked across the room and turned around and walked back in the presence of the reporter. She can now eat bread from her own hands, can adjust her spectacles and otherwise help herself in little ways, and is beginning to recover her powers of articulation.

Mrs. Louise Bolsner, of Chelsea, Mass., who attracted considerable attention last summer by describing a visit which she claimed to have made to heaven while in a trance, has passed away of heart disease.

In business three things are necessary—knowledge, temper and time.—Feltham.

MRS. LEONORA PIPER TO GIVE HER EXPERIENCE.

Mrs. Leonora Piper, the noted spirit medium, is about to be released from her contract with the London Society of Psychic Research so that she can give to the general public the benefits of her experiences with spirit manifestations. Her career in this mysterious realm has been remarkable—remarkable because so many scientists of recognized standing have vouched for the genuineness of her claims. Many have declared that Mrs. Piper has demonstrated to them, scientifically, that the soul does continue to exist after death; that the demonstration is as real as any in chemistry or physics.

Prof. James H. Hyslop, of Columbia university, is one who professes complete confidence in her. Prof. Wm. Crookes is another. Of late Mrs. Piper has been under the control of the American branch of the London society. An account of the marvels revealed by her was published last year by Prof. Hyslop and Mr. Richard Hodgson.

Prof. Hyslop suggests that many persons confined in insane asylums are not insane, but are simply favored recipients of visits from spirits. Most of the doctors in charge of insane persons ridicule this theory. It is noted, however, that insanity often manifests itself in an intense interest in spiritualistic seances and a belief in spiritualistic claims, and Dr. Charles G. Hill, of Mount Hope Retreat, Md., is the only insanity expert who has taken the trouble to answer Prof. Hyslop.—N. Y. Mail and Express.

MRS. MABEL ABER JACKMAN,

Whose picture graces our first page this week, is one of the martyred ones who has suffered that her Spiritualism might live to prove to those who condemned and persecuted her, that truth can not be killed and will always cast its bright rays even though darkness comes to extinguish the emblems that prove its worth.

Today she stands cleansed by the crucible she has passed through, giving to others the beauties of the spirit world, healing the sick in body, comforting the sick in mind, softened by the only tie that binds the sorrowful to each other: "As ye suffer, I have suffered also, and more."

Mrs. Jackman is now giving seances for materialization on each Thursday evening. Saturday evening spirit messages written upon slates or paper, also beautiful spirit pictures. Sunday evening is devoted to public seances, at the North End Masonic Temple, 615 North Clark street; and healing of the sick every day of the week at her home, No. 825 North Clark street, Chicago, Ills.

Behold, I Bring You Good Tidings of Great Joy.

A DISCOURSE BY
SPIRIT PHILLIPS BROOKS,

*Given Through the Trance Mediumship of Mrs. N. J. Willis,
Before the Spiritual Fraternity at the First Spiritual Temple,
Exeter St., Boston, Mass., Sunday Afternoon February 4, 1900.
Reported by Ida L. Spalding.*

I enter your presence, not without deep emotion, not without feelings that I can not possibly express, not without a gladness of soul that you may not realize, and yet I hope and trust that some little word of mine may not be spoken in vain. I enter your presence likewise realizing that I stand between two great waves of influence—one desiring my silence, the other urging me onward in the fulfillment of a sacred duty. To the many here assembled I can but faintly intimate the joy that thrills my being as I sense your willingness that I should return to you from the land where your loved ones, whom the world calls dead, have gone. As I am made conscious of the welcome extended to me by the kindly thoughts I read welling up from your hearts, I feel that my life here has not been wholly fruitless in results.

From no individual do I receive an unkind thought, or one that would bid me tarry at the right hand of God. As I return to earth today I could gather all humanity into my arms in sweet compassion and breathe upon them the deep sympathy of a brother, the tenderness, and love, and joy, and gladness that are mine; and although the whole world might refuse to receive me, still would I continue to knock and plead at the door of mortal life that I might bring my message to the children of men, that I might give utterance, however feebly, to truths that would cause those who might listen never to be able to say when they greet me in this world, where I now dwell, "Why did you not return when you learned that the way was wide open, and tell us of this land that you had found? Why did you not come and say to us that you did not teach all the truth while with us? Why did you not come and tell us that you had found life immortal, and that it was the inheritance likewise of all humanity? Why did you not report to us that the angels were ministering to us, and that our so-called dead lived and could return to us? Why did you not tell us of that great and just power that rules over the universe? Why did you not tell us of those many mansions in the Father's house, eternal in the spirit world? Why did you not tell us that love and all the attributes of the human heart and mind have a broader, deeper, higher significance in the great world of souls? and that the law of cause and effect is eternal in its operation?"

I assure you, friends, that it shall not be my fault if I do not make the greatest endeavor to perform every duty as it appeals to me as such; it shall not be my fault if I do not embrace every opportunity to proclaim to the high and the low, the rich and the poor—to humanity everywhere, the tidings of eternal life, the "good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people," the glad tidings which, incorporated into the daily lives of mortals, shall assuage the sorrow and grief of parting from those who are called upon to pass to the spirit-

spheres, and usher in the new gospel, that, free from creed and form and ceremony, shall flood the world with a radiance hitherto undreamed of. This gospel that is to come, this gospel of the future, will prove to you that the only real comfort you can receive lies in the spiritual knowledge which you may obtain for yourselves.

In the gladness of my soul I say to you that I still live. The words echo and re-echo all about you from hosts of returning souls. Ye hear the sound thereof, but ye fail to grasp the meaning so sacred to me because I am so rejoiced to know that if a man die he shall live again, and if I live ye shall live also, and in that resurrection from all that fetters or retards the progress of the soul ye shall receive a new baptism in those great waves of holy influence that, sweeping over your beings, shall wash you pure and sweet as the breath of the Deity.

In speaking to you of my experiences since leaving the material form I can not say that I have seen God or that I have found that heaven wherein we are told He has His throne. After doing the best I could on this plane of existence, as I then thought, I entered the immortal world, and paused, as it were, just inside the portal to contemplate the grandeur and glory of that other life, a faint conception of which I would if possible impart to you, realizing that it will give you the comfort that every human soul requires, and the joy of knowing that this short, earthly span is not the all of existence, and that you not only live after the death of the body, but exercise all the energies and faculties of mind and heart more perfectly and completely than while encased in your mortal bodies.

The time will surely come when spiritual love and truth shall prevail throughout the wide world and all mankind shall live in perfect accord. This may seem to you a dream impossible of realization. You may feel that as long as the planets revolve in space and humanity is clothed upon by materiality there must be inharmonious, strife and even war; but I say to you that it is because of the necessity for spiritual truth that this undesirable state of affairs continues, and that it is spiritual illumination that will bring to the human soul a gladness and joy which can only come when peace reigns supreme on earth.

When this world shall have attained to that degree of harmony mankind will be capable of comprehending the religion that I would teach you today, the religion that springs from the soul (not that which is forced into the soul) and that demands you and me and all others to worship humanity. You may exclaim in amazement, "To worship humanity?" Why, there is no human soul before whom I could bow down and worship in tenderness and joy. You may express yourselves, in the thought at least regarding my statement, that I must be very peculiar or that my ideals can not be very lofty.

To my understanding every human soul is enfolded in the arms of Infinite Love, the soul itself being a spark of the Divine Flame of Life; any exceeding wealth of love, wisdom, light and joy surrounds you and I just as closely as we will permit it to embrace us; we are the children of that Infinite power that knows no limit, the children of that Infinite power whose name is Justice, Pity and Loving-kindness, the children of that Infinite power that, working within the innermost recesses of our beings, is capable of eliminating all that seems unkind, cruel and crude.

And yet you may say, "We have been taught love, mercy and charity for eighteen hundred years and more, and still humanity suffers and human beings cause suffering." I am very well aware that this is all too true, but I bring to you the good tidings of a greater gospel; I bring to you the glad rejoicing of a soul who stands upon his own individual merits in the world beyond, and I have by no means entered into all the glory that spans the realms of immortal bliss. I am glad, I am happy, I am rejoicing in the beams of spiritual illumination that kiss my brow, in the power that is mine to demonstrate myself in your presence today. I am assured that that power within me which is infinite shall be unfolded to a degree that I am not capable of comprehending; and when you likewise realize that you are both infinite and finite, and therefore at-one-ment with the overruling power of the material and spiritual universe, you will realize also that here in your present environments, with the highest and noblest faculties and forces of your beings seeking expression, you are unlimited and illimitable, that here you are only in the primary department of the school of life, and yet you may here learn the great lesson of love that is to set the slave free, to raise the downtrodden, to reform the criminal, to cleanse the impure, and uplift and in all ways bring about the redemption of mankind.

You may think it very strange of me to ask you to love every one whatsoever he may be, and yet I do assert that if your love is not deep and vast enough, if your soul is not strong enough to embrace your friend and save him from sinking to lower depths than he has yet known, you are no worthy disseminator of the gospel I have come to preach. No man is so depraved that you may not reach him by the silent expression of your love for his own divinity, however obscured it may be by the darkness in which he chooses or is forced by environments or the taints of heredity to at present linger. Is your love a mask or a reality? The motive power of your life or the expression of selfish indulgence? We must cultivate the love that incites us not to gratify our own desires and supply our own needs as much as those of our friends and neighbors, and by neighbors I mean all human beings.

I not only deeply sympathize with the hundreds and thousands of mothers, sisters, wives, fathers and brothers scattered about all over this broad land who today are mourning the loss of dear ones slain in those islands far out in distant seas, but I would give them the comforting assurance that those dear ones have risen with greatly increased powers in the land beyond the grave to take up the new life and fulfill its noble purposes in conditions more conducive to their happiness and among friends gone before them. And I would, friends, in the great compassion of my heart, minister to the sorrowing ones whom

you call heathen in those far-off isles, giving each and all my tender love and brotherly sympathy, for every dusky mother possesses the maternal instinct quite as much as do the mothers belonging to our own race, and, savages though they may be in our estimation of their mode of life, they are as worthy of our pity as the more refined and gently nurtured of our own land. Therefore, when war spreads its devastating hand over the nations, you upon the one side, I beseech you, forget not the woes of your opponents and the fact that in the eyes of the Creator you are all brothers.

England and America pray to Almighty God for help in their present wars, but let you and I and all who have the cause of humanity at heart, join in the prayer that these two great and powerful nations may no longer continue in wrongdoing, in sin and cruelty, but that right, justice and truth may everywhere prevail, that every human being may receive protection, and that the "good tidings of great joy" shall be to all people over the wide world.

It may require years and years for these people to advance from savagery to civilization; it is not for me to say how long the process may take; but I do know that human kind is slowly but surely advancing from civilization to that sweet and beautiful condition of harmony which transcends all else; when in the glory of a grand manhood and noble womanhood all shall be free to live and enjoy the blessings of life upon a higher plane than any to which they have as yet attained.

There is no limitation, dear friends, to the powers of the human soul, and the savage, however crude and undeveloped he may be, has the same inherent rights that you and I possess, notwithstanding our keener intellect and greater genius. Then let us remember that life is for a purpose. Its original purpose is to breathe in the purifying atmosphere of the moral, intellectual and spiritual world, which will enable you to stand forth in the glorious dignity of your manhood and dare to live the life that is true, dare to approach the downtrodden and minister to them, dare to go into the wretched hovel and not feel that you are better than the miserable inhabitants, relieve their suffering, and, taking them by the hand, proclaim them your neighbors, your friends, your brothers and sisters. It is only when a religion like this enters your hearts and lives, it is only when a religion like this enables you to comprehend the beauties of Spiritualism, that you will enjoy the divine blessings and benedictions of this sacred gospel.

It seems to me as I come from time to time in contact with mortals and contemplate their conditions, their needs and their spiritual progress, that, were I in the material form, and hearing and seeing what some of you hear and see in regard to the Great Beyond, whence your friends return to instruct and comfort you and toward which you are steadily journeying day after day—it seems to me that I should realize the necessity of being prepared to enter the life that may be so very near. Were you expecting to visit Europe, you would spend a few days in putting your house in order and in making preparations for your journey. You all expect that some time you will sail out of the harbor of materiality bound for the shores of the immortal world. You all know that you can not tarry here many years, at most, and yet you do not feel the necessity of providing yourselves, not with raiment and food for the outward form,

but with that knowledge the spirit will need in its changed conditions.

It is for this purpose that I bring you my message this morning. Love casteth out all fear. When you have that perfect love of which I am speaking you can have no fear. No matter where you may wander you know you are safe; no matter how dark the clouds may appear, no matter how dreary your surroundings, naught can touch the soul; therefore what have you in reality to dread? It is not my place to rebuke you, but I do say that if you are living as you may and can live, you are living in such a manner or striving to, that you are well guarded by the armor of truth, well guarded by the forces of the soul. When I speak thus I am not unmindful of the fact that your environments often-times hold you in a slavery that must for a season prevail, but I point you to the high goal of your endeavors and aspiration and pause not to pity you, to condone with you over the conditions that can not be helped. By biding your time in patience and unfolding your powers of mind and soul, you will hasten your emancipation from all that depresses and holds you in thralldom; but, remember, through all trials, that your soul is your own, your thoughts are your own, your life is your own, and the mighty echoes from the shores of the immortal world herald the glad tidings reported years and years ago. Think of the good you can accomplish, the love you can bestow, if you seek to manifest your soul power!

I know there are hours when your environments so dominate and depress you that you can not help thinking, "I am so sad and troubled that I can not give time or thought to the development or unfoldment of any power or attribute; I have more than my share of trial, pain and sorrow." This is the outer, material man speaking. You are bowing before an ideal of clay that can never afford you sufficient for your needs. Arise, then, and out of the sadness, sorrow and darkness of your life let your real self cry, "My soul has not been contaminated by this trouble although there may be times when I must turn back to read the records of the past, to con again the lessons I thought I had learned so well. I have not yet attained my rights, but my soul shall not be belittled by this outward slavery to environments. I will not be robbed of my lofty aspirations; I will not be robbed of that comfort that comes of the consciousness that I am doing, not what I would like to do, but the best I can outwardly, and in my soul life I will not be crushed. I will strive to keep life's flame bright with high thoughts and tender regard for others. I will not be robbed to that degree that I shall have naught to give my needy brother, and to my erring friend I will give the kindest, purest love of my soul."

This much you can accomplish; this is your privilege as well as mine. As long as you continue to feel that you have no one to think of but yourselves, no one's salvation from pain, suffering, misery and degradation to work for but your own, just so long, dear friends, you are losing to a great extent that mighty influx of heavenly power that will never forsake you. Accept the truth wherever you may find it, and when you accept it live it, practice it. If you discover it in the street, accept it, and let me add that many an example you may find even there that will give you moral tone. If you find a truth outside of the church, one not incorporated in any creed, accept it just as reverently as if you found it in the sanctuary, for the great reason that it is the truth

you want. It is the truth that I am seeking and it is the truth of life's resurrection out of pleasant surroundings that I have found, for surely I am not unmindful of the kindness and tenderness bestowed upon me while dwelling in the mortal form; I am not unmindful of the love by which I was surrounded. I know it was not bought; I know it was true. At the same time why is it that those who loved me will not receive me in the only way that I may now come to them? Why is it that those who loved me will not accept my teachings as I breathe them through mortal lips? Why is it that when I come and say I have solved the great mystery of so-called death, I have risen into a life that is grander than this of earth, that I am not received? I do not complain. I simply put these questions to you for you to answer. It is not for me to state. But because I am not received shall I remain away? Because I know that many with whom I was associated in earth life are conscious of my presence when I come to them shall I keep silent? Not at all. It is their affair, not mine, if they do not choose to recognize me openly. Shall I smother my words lest I hurt their sense of propriety, their sense of the fitness of things according to old established customs of thought? I must not and I will not be derelict in the performance of my duty as I see it pointed out to me by the light of greater knowledge and higher revelation. I am here to bring you "good tidings of great joy," to teach every human soul I can reach the great fact of the continuity of life. One thing, however, I ask of each and every one: If I utter any thought that, utilized, shall make you less noble, I ask you to lay it aside; if I give expression to a single sentiment that, incorporated into your life, belittles your manhood, please discard it; but if I speak a word that, entering your mind, causes you to aspire for something better than you have yet experienced, or incites you to put forth greater efforts in the grand work of uplifting humanity at large, may you receive that truth and the blessing its acceptance will bring you. I know I am laboring under great difficulties, in striving to manifest my individuality through a foreign organism; I know my expression is feeble; but if some word, some thought, some truth, yet better still, the silent conviction that comes of soul speaking to soul assures you of my identity, I shall be deeply gratified whether you choose to openly announce the fact or not.

I am here, and O how gladly I come, to prove to you, or aid you, to prove to your own satisfaction the intercommunion of the two worlds. You are instructed to prove all things, and to hold fast to that which is good. There are places and there are opportunities for learning beyond the shadow of a doubt that if a man die he shall live again. You may stand in the presence of your beloved dead and converse with them face to face. When such of you do not take advantage of them privileges are afforded you I am amazed that more of you do not take advantage of them and incorporate this glorious truth into your daily lives as far as possible, for, understand me, it is the life we live, not what we profess, that stamps the individual character; it is the thought we put forth, the silent prayers we breathe, the good we do another, not in charity but in love, that accounts us worthy of our immortal inheritance.

My dear friends, those of you who have laid so many near and dear ones beneath the sod, who have seen their spirits rocked in the arms of Sleep's

gentler brother, has your love for the wife, the father, the mother, the children gone before died also? "No! no!" you cry. Then let me assure you that they live, and standing by your side, are striving to lift you into the glorious consciousness of their continued ministrations, not to one, but to all. Waves of influence from the spirit life, bearing you joy and gladness, that never grow less, lave your shores today, and the comfort I would bring you lies in the tender kisses of the sweet children, who so often touch your brows with their innocent lips. These human flowers are with you now. Would that your vision were equal to mine; you would behold a cloud of witnesses clothed in garments pure and white bending above you. Would that you could catch their sweet whispers: "O, my loved one, I am here; I have not died, I have not forsaken you, I have not gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns; in our home I visit you day after day, I hover over you in your sleep, I quicken hope and give you holy thoughts; and I wait until the summons shall come to you and then straight into my arms of love shall you drift."

Is there aught in this, I ask you, to discourage a human soul? Will this knowledge harm the young man in the hour of temptation? Will not the thought that his translated mother watches over and guides and guards him be a restraining influence in every crisis? and will not the consciousness of her near presence and interest in his welfare be an untold comfort to him in the hour of pain and distress?

Fathers and mothers, here is a lesson for you in regard to your relationship with your boys and girls. The laws of heredity are too well known to need discussion here and now, but I must say this; that too much importance can not be attached to the offspring even before the natal hour, an influence that should be intelligently and conscientiously directed. I would that gladness might reign in your home when an innocent bud of promise, an unsullied soul, is about to become an inmate therein, bringing with its advent a responsibility to your hearts and souls greater than any you have hitherto borne. I would have you so alive to a realization of the presence and ministration of angel visitants, that, from the earliest dawn of the child's intelligence, it would live in the consciousness of the fact that every hour and day it is guarded and tended by beautiful, unseen friends, who tenderly love it. In this connection I would add that when you teach your children to do the right and speak the truth, teach them so to do and speak, because it is right and because it is true. When you teach your friends to be honest and natural instead of fashionable; that is, deeply versed in the merely frivolous accomplishments of the day; when you teach morality and the fact that every evil act committed in this life must mar the beauty of the spirit in the land beyond, then I say to you that you are preaching a gospel that shall live as long as you live, and blossom and bear fruit not only here but in the great hereafter.

This gospel of spiritual truth, these "good tidings of great joy" that thrill my being are sufficient for the needs of every human soul. In whatever condition the children of men may find themselves, light from the angel-world can illuminate their souls. In their hour of deepest anguish those dear ones gone before are bending over them striving to bring balm and healing to their wounded spirits; and they may be assured that those ascended ones will never forget them even in their happy homes above, and that they will never forsake them.

It behooves you, then, to understand more of the unity of the two worlds—may, I did not speak correctly—the unity of the life you are living and the life your friends are living, for to my conception there is but one world; I have not entered another world; I have simply been promoted another class in life's great school. I am just as much in touch with humanity, as I was or could be while in the material form. Even to those who will not receive me today I minister in their sleeping hours. There are many whom I love, but who will not allow me to approach them in this manner; yet I can commune with them in spirit while the body slumbers. I wish to tell you this, because it gives me so much gladness, so much joy. Whatever the outward expression may be, there is no barrier between my soul and the souls of those I love. In those hours when your body rests unconscious upon your couch, your soul is not confined to materiality; it projects itself into the realm of souls and there mingles with your friends, gaining experiences you do not remember in your waking hours. By that same law I can and do commune with those to whom I have just referred.

Is this knowledge a comfort to you? It is a comfort to me, a joy inexpressible. By and by, as I gain greater knowledge through higher experiences (for I have not yet learned all there is to learn in the life of the spirit), I shall be able to return to the children of men bearing purer gems of truth and wisdom than I have been able to bestow. It rejoices me, I repeat, to know that I am able to come in contact with my friends here, even though they realize it not, and it is a two-fold pleasure to be permitted to commune with them.

And so, friends, when you enter the spirit world, you will meet dear ones whom you have conversed with in sleep, although you may be totally unable to realize the fact while in the material form, but in the realms of the soul all these experiences will be made plain to you. Thus by silent ministrations I am enabled to educate the souls of those I love, or rather to aid them in educating themselves by impressing them with high and noble thoughts. This, I believe, is the interpretation to be placed upon the recorded expressions: "If I go . . . I will come again." "In my Father's house are many mansions." "I go to prepare a place for you." Yet in a sense I can not prepare a place for you; but I can aid you, if you will receive me into your outward consciousness as a brother, as well as into the silence of your soul, to weave your garments and fit yourselves for that home yonder.

O how sweet the thought that I am living still, a servant for my kind! How sweet the thought that I am permitted to return to you with whatever I am able to gather in the immortal world. I sometimes think of Jacob's ladder, by which the angels ascended and descended, as I behold your spirit friends ascending to their homes to cull more fragrant flowers, brighter thoughts and a deeper sense of soul-life, and descending to lay their treasures at your feet.

Is all this naught to you? Are the constant effort and earnest attention of your spirit-friends of no consequence? I know that some of you maintain the truth of all I have told you, and I am glad that there are so many of you who do realize while in the body the beauty and grandeur of never-ending life and the never-interrupted communion of souls dear to one another. I am glad that you are conscious of the sublime fact that those who have preceded you are far better off than if they had tarried with you.

THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

I am very glad that some of you know your spirit friends, however much you have been dependent upon them in the mortal form, can and are doing more for you than they possibly could do while here.

Life has no limit, the human soul loses none of its powers whatever and wherever its experiences may be, and love is but the shadow of that manifested in those celestial realms toward which my pathway and your own leads, for where I am permitted to go there shall ye also come. I do not believe there is a human being who, in the depths of his soul, wishes any other individual to suffer forever. Physical suffering will move the hardest heart to pity. How much more then will mental agony, when appreciated in its intensity, stir the compassion of him who witnesses it? Speaking of suffering, I desire to state that every pang is intended for the soul's unfoldment, and every adverse circumstance of life may be made to serve as a purifying element. You may take exception to this assertion, but I know it to be a fact. Strife, discord, war, bringing into every household untold sorrow, are factors in the work of developing, ripening and fitting the soul for its home above. You may perhaps know a person who is paralyzed, rendered helpless and dependent upon the care and devotion of friends for the remainder of existence in the mortal form. You exclaim in compassion, "Why is she allowed to live? Why does not God take her away? She is no comfort to herself or any one else?" I answer you that if there had been no purpose such a condition would not have been imposed upon that sadly afflicted woman. I have seen such individuals when they have ascended to the spirit world and can testify that every hour of physical illness leaves its record on the spirit, and it grows and unfolds in inconceivable beauty and nobility under every blow of the hand of suffering. The soul is never sick, the soul never becomes paralyzed and helpless, and if it must remain encased in the weary, pain-racked form, it grows stronger and stronger and better able to spread its pinions for its home beyond when the time comes than if it had gone at the first stroke of disease. Not by any means are you called upon to seek this condition, but when it comes may your trust in infinite law and love that rules the whole universe be sufficient to see the silver lining in the cloud and make you brave to bear every infliction. Remember also in your hour of direst need that the angels who obey Our Father's behest are ever to be found at the bedside of the sufferer, ministering to him in tenderest love and mercy.

Now, dear friends, I bid you be glad and rejoice that light from on high penetrates the dark shadows in which you dwell and illuminates your very souls. Rejoice that love never dies and that you shall join that unnumbered host, ministering angels, gone before, each in your own time; and rejoice with me that you will be permitted to return and labor for humanity until they shall acknowledge this great truth. When this is accomplished you will see no more infant asylums, no more poor houses, no more insane retreats, no more penal institutions, but you shall see love triumphant everywhere and selfishness sinking into oblivion. Man will then take woman as his companion, and standing by his side, her intuition unfolded and respected, will make her truly regal, for I do believe that the intuitive forces of woman will yet become a power recognized by all mankind. I believe the time will come

when husband and wife will not only take counsel together, but the husband will sit in silence at the feet of the goddess, the oracle of his home, and receive from her lips wisdom intended for his own advancement and her growth. I believe that woman, raised to her rightful position and given the freedom that love alone can bestow, will be the power that will rule the world. It has been said that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world," meaning the child, the boy slumbering therein; but the hand that shall enlighten the whole world is the hand of the woman whose intuitive forces have been given free rein. Risen from her petty jealousies, selfish no longer, woman shall step forth in her dignity and take her place by the side of man, and while his reasoning powers may be stronger, her intuitive powers shall permeate and dispel the dark ignorance that has folded man in its embrace so long. Together then, gods and goddesses, men and women shall be glorified by the teachings of the new religion which shall spread all over this wide world.

I look to behold the oncoming of the Millennial morn; how long we have waited for its gladsome dawn. Millennial morn, when joyous souls shall spring e'en one by one, and grasp the standard of our Higher Life. O love, thy glorious mission breathe on each and every one within this sound. May all but know life endeth not, and joy and gladness, love, abound forever and forevermore.

BENEDICTION.

May the richest baptism of life rest upon you and all that you may be conscious of the tender guidance and love of your ascended friends.

HYPNOTISM AS A CURE FOR CRIME.

John Duncan Quackenbos, writing in Harper's Monthly for February, declares that he has used hypnotism with success in the reduction of criminal traits, hereditary and acquired, as well as in the treatment of the cigarette habit, speech defects, intellectual dullness, amnesia, sex perversions, dangerous delusions, and willfulness, disobedience and falsehood in children.

More than this, he says that hypnotic suggestion is effective in the treatment of nervous conditions represented by hysteria, hysterio-epilepsy, chorea, insomnia and neurasthenia; even of diseases characterized by severe pain, like sciatica, locomotor ataxia, tuberculosis and cancer, but it has recently assumed importance as an appropriate instrumentality for effecting character change in cases of moral obliquity as well as for developing and exalting mind power.

Mr. Quackenbos thus describes his investigations: "During the past year the writer has measurably tested the availability of hypnotic suggestion as a means of removing criminal impulses and substituting conscience sensitiveness for moral anesthesia among young criminals and castaways; and he has reached conclusions which must be gratifying to all who are working or wishing for the intellectual, ethical and spiritual elevation of humanity. The value of post-hypnotic and auto-suggestion for the cure of crime and for the correction of certain phases of perverted mentality no longer admits of question.

"After talking sympathetically with the subject, sometimes for an hour or two, in regard to the failing of which he wishes removed, thoroughly acquainting myself with his dominant propensities or controlling thoughts,

and, above all, securing his confidence, I ask him to assume a comfortable reclining position on a lounge, and then, while continuing a soothing conversation, I manage, in a way determined by the circumstances of the case, to concentrate his attention upon a suspended diamond or on a cornelian seal set in an old-fashioned gold pencil which I happened upon among my heirlooms. The Cambay stone is held in such a position within the natural focus of the eyes as to compel an exaggerated convergence of the axes of the balls, coupled out; the retinal areas involved are rapidly fatigued by the deep redness and brilliancy of the cornelian; and simultaneously an appeal is made to the imagination of the patient, who is told that he is looking at my sleepy stone that has never failed to induce slumber, and he is urged to think of nothing, to renounce the very intention of renouncing mental effort, and to give himself up to me with perfect confidence in the purity of my motives and in my ability to remove or modify his moral disorder. Under these conditions the eyeballs soon become fixed, a vacant stare replaces the usual intelligent look, and the eyelids begin to close and reopen spasmodically. At this stage the suggestion is given that refreshing sleep is about to ensue, and in a few moments a prolonged breath is taken, the lids close with a slow, regular movement, deep inspirations follow, and I know that I have secured direct and effective communication with the deeper personality of my subject.

"It is not necessary, in order to insure the beneficial effects of hypnotism, to carry the subject into the deeper somnambulant stage characterized by intellectual alertness and apparently purposive acts, and by absence of reaction to sense impressions. The conversion of a hypnotized patient into a somnabule is always to be deprecated. In the first stage of deep hypnotic sleep the subliminal self unhesitatingly accepts every emphatic statement of the hypnotizer; but even where somnolism is not complete, and a state of semi-consciousness exists, suggestions are acquiesced in by the patient. Lethargy is by no means essential to success.

"Usually from two to fifteen minutes are occupied in establishing somnolism, but there are refractory cases that require from one to two hours of intense mental effort on the part of the physician. Children readily come into rapport, and, as a rule, are easily impressed. Sufferers from acute nervous depression, watchful or suspicious patients and persons under the influence of a stimulant are difficult subjects. Tea, coffee or whisky before a treatment is an obstacle to its success, and the simultaneous with an upward gaze. Such an unusual exercise of the ocular muscles soon tires them. Pursuit of any other means of cure splinters the faith of the subject, so that he secures benefit from neither.

"There is no memory in the hypnotic state of the affairs of everyday life, nor, after awaking, of what has taken place during the hypnosis, but in a subsequent hypnotic condition the occurrences of the first hypnosis are recalled. Subjects who have not been lethargic will sometimes insist that they have consciously heard the suggestions. When asked to repeat them such persons usually fail. They should never be argued with on the subject, but told that if they did hear the suggestions, good is coming from the treatment—which is true. It is essential to divert their attention from the occurrences of the seance. Extremely neurotic persons, to whom the suggestions are at first consciously audible, become, as a rule, more and more

somnolent with each subsequent trial. Patients who have been profoundly lethargic often declare that they have not been asleep at all. In normal sleep there is, after awaking, an ill-defined consciousness of the passage of time; in hypnosis there is none.

"Suggestions out of harmony with opportunities, the possibilities of a career, common sense, or religious convictions are unlikely to be fulfilled. Fortunately for the protection of society, the powers of suggestion for evil-doing are limited, while their influence for good is without horizon. Whereas it is comparatively easy to restrain a kleptomaniac, it is hardly possible to make an honest person steal through post-hypnotic suggestion. On the other hand, criminal suggestions to an evilly-disposed subject would naturally lead to criminal acts along the line of least resistance."

Mr. Quackenbos says that cigarette smoking is easily managed, as it is no difficult matter to produce such a strong disgust for tobacco that after the first treatment the patient will almost entirely forego its use. The drink habit, he adds, is equally amenable, and, in fact, some of the popular cures are in reality mere "suggestion cures," there being no specific virtue in the drugs given.

Special Announcement.

To secure additional office room, on account of increasing business, C. Walter Lynn, the eminent mental healer of Oakland, Cal., has been compelled to change his location. His address in the future is 1017 Castro street.

The cures he is performing, through absent treatments and magnetic appliances, are simply marvelous.

DISTANCE IS, APPARENTLY, NO BAR WHATEVER TO SUCCESS.

The testimonial below is only one out of the many that shows the remarkable healing power that he possesses. Many apparently hopeless cases of disease have yielded readily to his system of treatment. He is indorsed by some of the most prominent men of the age as worthy of confidence in every respect, and gifted with remarkable psychic power.

CURED OF TUMOR.

Harrisonville, Mo., Sept. 25, 1899.

Dr. Walter C. Lynn:

Dear Sir—I take pleasure in testifying to the power that you possess in healing diseases by absent treatments. I had a tumor on my breast, caused by an accident. After trying all other means to have it removed without resorting to an operation, and having failed, I wrote to you. After wearing the magnetic flannel appliances that you sent me, and following the simple directions that you advised, the tumor disappeared entirely. Not only that, my health, which was seriously impaired, was regained. I am glad to recommend you to all who need help. You certainly possess wonderful power as a healer.

Truly yours, PETER HELFRICH.

OBITUARIES.

From Lake Village, Ind., March 4, 1900. Louisa Marshall, aged 74 years. The services, by special request of the deceased, were conducted by Mrs. Jennie Peters of Chicago, Ill.

At Alaska, Mich., Mrs. Isabella Alden, in her 76th year, and son Will, 32 years of age. They went home within a few weeks of each other. Both were firm Spiritualists, were beloved by all and were exemplary characters. The former was one of the best home mediums I ever met.—C. F. Weatherford.

Born to the higher life Feb. 11th, from her home in South Haven, Mich., Mary E. Newland. Mrs. Newland had been a firm believer in the Spiritual philosophy for about fifty years. Words of consolation and confidence were offered on the funeral occasion to the surviving friends and appreciative audience by Mrs. Levi Wood of South Haven.

ORGANIZATION

DEPARTMENT OF OHIO

C. B. GOULD, Secretary,
Suite 406, Electric Bldg., Cleveland, O.

The second of the series of mass meetings now being held under the auspices of the O. S. A. was held in Akron on Saturday and Sunday, the 10th and 11th insts.

The evening addresses were delivered by A. J. Weaver, superintendent of the Spiritualists' Training School at Lily Dale. His discourses were certainly masterly and thoroughly appreciated. The afternoon address was delivered by the state secretary, who also presided throughout the session.

We were doubly favored in having the services of Mrs. Zetta L. Eise, of Gallion, O., who sang the beautiful truths of Spiritualism into the very hearts and souls of all present.

Dr. C. H. Figuers, our test medium for this month, was fully up to his usual standard of excellence and on Sunday afternoon gave psychometric readings. The first reading he gave was from an old photograph, upon which there were three pictures. He declared that the photograph had passed through a very great many hands. The spirits of two of the parties whose pictures were on the card appeared and gave their names, together with lengthy messages. A Mrs. Anna Edwards, who had placed the photograph on the table, confirmed all that Mr. Figuers said and explained that the picture had been taken years ago and had been sent to England, from there to Scotland and to Wales, and back to Pennsylvania before it was returned to her in Ohio, and one of the parties who manifested on this occasion had been on the other side for 45 years, having passed over soon after the picture was taken. Another very striking test was given to a lady by the name of May, whose name was at first symbolized by the English emblem for that month, the hawthorne. In still another case the spirit of a man who passed away only one week before at Youngstown manifested and gave a lengthy communication to a gentleman in the audience from Gallion, who confirmed the accuracy of the message in every detail.

The meeting in its entirety was very successful, and it is hoped that as a result of this meeting a new society will be organized at Akron.

C. B. GOULD, Secy.

The O. S. A. held a mass meeting at Geneva, O., on Saturday and Sunday, the 17th and 18th insts. The evening discourses were delivered by A. J. Weaver, superintendent of the Spiritualists' Training School at Lily Dale, and it is only fair to state that they were pronounced the most scholarly efforts that had ever been presented from the platform.

The musical program was entirely in the hands of Mrs. Zetta L. Eise of Gallion, O. Her solos simply held the audience spellbound.

A large party from Ashtabula came over Sunday morning in a special car, and out of compliment to them for so doing a special program was given in the afternoon, at which Dr. C. H. Figuers of Cleveland gave psychometric readings. This is a special phase of Dr. Figuer's work which he does not often give to the public. He is particularly well qualified for that phase of work, as he handles it in an en-

tirely different manner from the majority of mediums, owing to the fact that he had when a young man two years of special scientific training for it, in the private office of the late Joseph Rodas Buchanan.

The audiences increased in size at every session and Sunday evening after carrying in extra chairs to fill the aisles and allowing the late comers to sit on the front edge of the platform, and throwing open the vestibule to the hall for standing room, there were at least 150 turned away, who could not get into the hall at all.

Such meetings can not fail to do an immense amount of good in any neighborhood, and any society that wants a genuine spiritual revival should correspond with the writer and make arrangements for one of these mass meetings.

Now, I want to say just a word personally to the Spiritualists of Ohio. It takes money for the State Association to conduct such meetings, and if such are to be continued the Spiritualists of the state must respond far more generously than they have to the appeal previously made for \$1 contributing memberships, with which to defray the special work of the State Association in providing such meetings with the grade of talent for all branches of the work necessary to place our cause before the public on its proper level. No officer of the State Association draws any salary. Every dollar that is sent in is expended for the good of the cause. We need at least \$100 now to cover necessary preliminary expenses for another series of such meetings and trust that this money may be forthcoming immediately.

C. B. GOULD, Sec. O. S. A.

ARE YOU HONEST, SOBER AND INDUSTRIOUS?

If so, engage with us for 1900. We can assure you of \$100 per month and expenses to start on. Our salesmen made over \$47,000 last month.

Mr. Alexander Smith, of Ind., gave up his position as foreman in a printing office, and without previous experience made \$927.50 in six months.

Rev. Andrew Johnston, Pastor Baptist church of Wash., made \$150 in a few weeks, besides attending to his ministerial duties.

A school teacher, Miss Lydia Kennedy, made \$48 last month; \$36 the previous month, besides her salary teaching.

A prominent young lady of Portland, Elizabeth Banker, made \$204 the first 37 days she worked with us.

Miss Sutton, while south for her health, made \$294 in 14 weeks.

Mrs. Flora Beard, in a small town in New York State, made \$400 besides attending to her family duties.

Reports from our agents from \$200 to \$300 per month, are very common, while but few report as little as \$10 to \$12 per week.

Any man or woman who is industrious and willing to work, can get a good position. No trade or profession to learn. No experience necessary. You don't have to canvass. Our Quaker Turkish Bath Cabinet is a home necessity, an article of the greatest merit. Sold on 30 days' trial. Millions of homes have no bathing facilities, and our Cabinet is just what they must have. One million users recommend our Cabinet as the best, and to do all we claim.

Write us immediately, as territory is being rapidly taken, stating your age, references and experience. We are responsible and reliable. Capital \$100,000.00, and do just as we agree. We offer most liberal terms and inducements. Address The World Mfg. Co., World Building, Cincinnati, O.

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THE COMING AGE for one year, \$2.00
THE LIGHT OF TRUTH " " " 1.50

Total, \$3.50

All For the Price of \$2.50 Per Year.

Our readers are too well acquainted with the Light of Truth to need any descriptive word in regard to the favorite weekly. But for our friends who are not yet acquainted with The Coming Age we give the following:

THE COMING AGE,

Though only a year old, this review has forced its way to the very fore front of the great magazines of progressive and constructive thought in the English-speaking world. It employs the greatest thinkers of the age, but it is in no sense dry, heavy or pedantic. On the contrary, from cover to cover it is bright, inspiring, constructive and entertaining.

POPULAR FEATURES.

The Coming Age for this year will contain a strong serial story by Mrs. C. K. Relf-snider, entitled "Two Hearts for One." It began in the January number and will continue through the year. The time of the story is during our great civil war. It is a romance of life and love, very strong and quite dramatic.

Short stories and sketches of the lives of the earth's great men and women and studies of great books will also be monthly features of The Coming Age. The department of Authentic Dreams and Visions will receive special attention, as also will the department of Health Through Rational Living. Conversations with leading thinkers, preceded by popular editorial sketches, portraits of leading men and women. The department of Books of the Day and editorials will go to make this magazine in the best sense of the word popular, and with the great original essays appearing each month will contribute to the broad culture of its readers and render it indispensable to all thinking people who wish to be in touch with the best thought of the time.

In their prospectus for the ensuing year the publishers state that it is their purpose to make The Coming Age brighter, stronger and better than it has been during the past year, and this, to our readers, who are acquainted with the magazine, is promising much. They say that they propose to make this magazine a library of bright interest and virile thought, which shall appeal to every member of the home circle and prove indispensable to those who wish to keep abreast with the best ideas of the wonderful incoming age.

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The new Canada Monthly on New Theology and Psychic Research, edited by Rev. B. F. Austin, B. A., D. D., ('Augustine). 25 cents a year. Send 4 cents for sample. The Sermon Publishing Co., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

MESSAGE DEPARTMENT



THESE Messages are received Automatically, Clairvoyantly and Clairaudiently from my Guide, DR. JOHN WILLIAMS, and this Department is open alike to all Spirits who are and desire to come.

If you desire a Message from a Spirit Friend, Relative or Guide send us the *date of your birth, height, weight and complexion* and TEN 1-CENT STAMPS for stationary and postage, and in due time a Message for you will appear in LIGHT OF TRUTH as soon as your turn comes. ADDRESS:

C. THOMAS H. BENTON,

3310½ Rhodes Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL., U. S. A.

MESSAGES.

To Mary J. Rorick.—While holding this sealed envelope I hear these names: "William, George, Orra, Rosa and Henry." Uncle Will says: "Tell her we are all together, grandma and grandpa included. We will assist you all we can in your development."

To T. L. Mantor, of Arkansas City, Kan.—I get the influence of a father and mother and hear the names of Samuel and Elizabeth. "Tell her that Grace touched her and we were with her at the time. Sit for development and we will help you all we can. Row and Frank."

B. F. Cary, Ironton, O.—Such a throng of spirits now come as I take this letter. One beautiful spirit says: "Yes, father, we are making ready for you. Our home is incomplete without you. Emma and Sara and Susannah L. Cary, and so many are waiting just across the border."

To Kent E. Perry, Longwood, Va.—"My Dear Brother: There is nothing that will ever help you to rend the veil by the physical senses, but to your own spiritual consciousness we would come en rapport with you. The guides can give me no longer time to write. Your loving sister, Blanche."

A. C. Whiting, Chicago.—Yes I am happy in spirit life and I should like you to make conditions better that I could come and make myself known to you my son. Why is it you are so unhappy? Cheer up, my boy, all will come out right for you. We are ready to help you all we can. Ever your Father.

Daniel B. Bales, Dwight, Neb.—Sarah Bales, Anna Maria and Emma all are present and I hear the name Bell Cicle called. I feel there was some accident in this persons death, but what it was the spirit friends do not tell me. A grandmother comes and says: "Daniel, do not weary in well doing."

To Henry J. Bradis, Oak Park, Ill.—I hear these words: "Tell him to enclose a photo in an envelope and seal with your own wax seal and we will get for you an oil painting of her if you wish, through our medium. John Williams." I also hear the names of Mary, Charlie, William, Harry, Katie, and Elizabeth. You should sit for development as you have many G. A. R. spirits around you.

E. G. Hanson, Grantsburg, Wis.—A spirit bright and full of delight comes here and says: "Sister, Ludwig is in our dear home every day and am so sorry you are going away, but remem-

ber I am often near you to cheer you in your many trials. You will succeed in life and make a bright future for yourself, as you mean to do right, and you will be understood in the future."

Mrs. Theresa Weed, Kalkaska, Mich.—I am shown green fields and running water. The brooklet is very clear. I see the pebbles so plainly at the bottom of the brook. They tell me this represents a bright and prosperous life. I hear the name of Jennie and Eddie. They look so bright and beautiful and happy, and these words I hear: "We are all together in our sweet spirit home."

A. Crosby, Flushing, Mich.—A beautiful lady is present and says: "Dear Husband: Father, Catherine, children, Mary and Lucy are also here. Libbie says, Papa, I am so glad you mentioned your loving daughter. We are all often together and love to have you go to camp, where we can communicate with you through the mediums that are always present at such places. M. Crosby."

Mrs. J. F. Hyde, Raipon, Wis.—A brother spirit is here and says: "Sister, dear, it is so hard to come here to-day. So many other influences present all wishing to get a communication from their loved ones. You are a noble woman and I know you love the cause and will do all you can for those that are hungering and thirsting after spiritual knowledge. Your brother, J. C. Fairbank."

L. H. Moffit, Des Moines, Ia.—Isaac M. Moffitt is present and says: "I do not know. I hope you may get slate writing." John and Jane Dunbar are here and tell me to tell you they are guides, and say you must change your way of sitting. Wet the slates and keep a glass of water in your circle, and if you find you can not develop slate writing, change the sitters, get new people in your circle, and make the very best conditions you can.

Mrs. Lucy I. Pickens, Dexter, O.—Such a wave of affection now passes over me, and I hear a voice say: "Dear wife, Louis is here, and is with you every day. Don't feel so lonely, cheer up. A long and happy life is yet in store for you. Why do you weep and worry so much? Seek for the return of your loved ones in your own home, then, and only then will you be convinced. Sit at the twilight hour, and I shall try to make you feel my presence."—L. W. Pickens.

For Alva G. Hobson, Martinsville, Ind.—"My Much Esteemed Friend: There is nothing so convincing of our immortality as our great desire for it. George wishes you to recall the time

you were so disappointed and it was to me you came with your trouble. You perhaps will remember it better than I, but our early attachments and what we would have been to each other if I had lived longer in earth life still lingers in my memory as some sweet dream never to be forgotten. Ever your sincere friend, Julia A. Chambers."

Mrs. H. Johnson, Columbus, Ohio.—As we come en rapport with the forces we find a very strong battery, and a voice exclaims: "My dear child, don't worry so much and please do not doubt spirit return. I promised to come and let you know how I found spirit life. I have tried many times to reach you but could not do as I would have liked to on account of the environments around your earth conditions. I am beginning to understand more and more every day and will soon be able to come in such close touch with you you will know my presence is with you. I am very happy. Mary, Anna and uncle William and grandpa, John and Frank are here. Love to you, dear child.—Mother."

THE FOX SISTERS.

Our Duty to Their Memories.

I notice with pleasure Friend Merritt's item concerning the Fox sisters and their earthly remains.

Granting that there is little of consequence concerning the last of this poor mortality, but surely a decent respect and a debt of honor and gratitude, demand that all Spiritualists should at least see that these Fox sisters should be properly cared for, and not removed for expenses from the vault, and buried in the common lot.

And this is the least of our duty of love and respect for the Fox sisters, for we owe them a debt of gratitude. It was through their raps that first came the glad tidings of the spirit's existence, and the possibility of its return.

Now, with Brother Merritt, I believe all true Spiritualists should contribute to this purpose and erect a proper tablet or memorial to their memory.

Second: Does not our cause and religion and all the sacred memories of the past demand this, for these—really the first martyrs to our cause? By united effort and very small contributions, this good work could be accomplished.

I was well acquainted with them, and also with the Underhill family, and saw Katie Fox in the last days at the residence of that truly noble and good woman, Emily Ruggles, in State street, Brooklyn, where her spirit left the form. The funeral services were held in the hall on Fulton street, near the ferry. I would willingly, myself, in the name of our society, receive and receipt for any funds for this good and worthy work, and will not all good Spiritualists willingly respond?

SYLVANUS LYON,

Vice President, The Moderation Society, 34 Park Row, New York City.

PENDRAGON POSERS.

A ten-cent booklet of about 60 daintily printed pages under this title is made up of letters which appeared in a Michigan paper and attracted such attention that they have been put in permanent form. The author does not answer questions—he asks them. He points out by searching inquiries the weak points in our present national policy on the management of our new colonies and of our home affairs—the railroads, the banks, the trusts, the saloons, etc., etc. The questions will prove decidedly puzzling to those who believe in keeping things as they are. 10 cts. Light of Truth Pub. Co.

The Light of Truth and The Gentlewoman, \$1.50 per year.

THE FINEST SET OF CHIMES.

At the Pan-American exposition in Buffalo in 1901 will be seen and heard the largest and finest set of church bells in this country; in fact, they are little, if any, inferior in size or musical quality to the most famous European chimes of Copenhagen, Westminster, Ghent or Amsterdam. These carillons, as they are termed by their French originators, which will delight the visitors to the All-American exposition next year, have a peculiar history. Although they have been in this country more than 30 years, and their fine qualities are well known, their superb tones have never been advantageously heard. For over a quarter of a century they have hung with dumb tongues in the silence and gloom of the tall tower of Buffalo's big Cathedral of St. Joseph. They were produced by the noted French bellmakers, "Bolle et Fils," having been contracted for by Bishop Timon in 1865 at a cost of about \$25,000. They were cast in 1866, and exhibited at the Paris exposition in 1867, being there awarded a gold medal. They reached Buffalo in 1868, and were then hung in St. Joseph's tower, which, however, proved a very unsuitable receptacle, being damp and of very limited area. Attempts were made to sound the chimes, but the result was ineffectual, and since 1875 the bells have been mute. There are 43 bells in this splendid carillon, ranging in weight from the small tenor of 25 pounds to the ponderous and sonorous monster weighing 5,068 pounds. Each bell is artistically ornamented and each bears an inscription in Latin with some religious phrase, such as "Deo Uni Trio Laus et Gloria Sempiterna," "Laudate Dominum Omnes Gentes," "Gloria in Excelsis," etc. The metal of the bells is a composite of 775 parts copper and 225 parts tin.

It was originally intended that these chimes should be rung by clock work, but the more modern methods of keyboard manipulation and electrical power will be used.

At the Pan-American exposition the bells will be hung in a graceful campanile, especially constructed for the purpose, erected on elevated ground in a location which permits their melodious voices being heard with due effect whenever they are sounded. The importance of the group of bells and the volume of harmonious sound they will produce may be in a measure realized when it is remembered that the fine chimes of St. Patrick's Cathedral, so much admired in New York, consists of only 24 bells; a little more than half the number of those which constitute the carillon of St. Joseph.

MAN MAKES HIS BODY.

BY H. A. BUDINGTON.

This pamphlet aims to show how the different parts of the body are evolved from protoplasm.

Beginning with the spermatozoon and ovum, it describes the method by which the human body is builded.

The evolution of the five senses of sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch are treated. Some of the limitations to his power for building his body, caused by heredity and environment, are noted.

The importance of right gestation and healthy inheritance are also emphasized. Among the topics treated are:

Brain Building; Atrophy of Organs; Abnormal Limitations Produced by Tobacco, Alcohol and Gluttony, Sex Excesses, etc.; the Tainted Monad Transmitted by the Debauched Father in Impregnation; Building of the Spirit Body Within the Physical Body; Withdrawal of the Spirit Body, Called Death; Defects in the Spirit Body—How to Overcome Transition; Origin of the Ego; Thinking in Heaven.

This book contains much to instruct the rational thinker, and to open the mind to the study of man on the lines of evolution which are accepted by the ablest scientists of this age. Price 10 cents; postage 1 cent.

"Does The World Manufacturing Company Manufacture Worlds?" *said a little girl.* "Hardly That," *said her father:* "But"

They do business throughout the entire world and manufacture an article—the *Quaker Bath Cabinet*—that is acknowledged by 1,000,000 happy users to be the *best thing IN the world* for making sick people well and for making well people strong, keeping them healthy, preventing disease, and for bringing beauty and brightness to the eyes, and for bringing roses to the cheek.

ONE THOUSAND QUAKER BATH CABINETS ARE SOLD EVERY DAY

Leanness and Obesity are alike the result of ill-health, and it is an established fact that the regular intelligent use of the *Quaker Bath Cabinet* will banish Disease, and by restoring perfect health, fill out the lean man or woman, reduce the stout man or woman, and **Develop a Symmetrical and Handsome Man or Woman.**



THIS picture shows the new 1902 style **Square Quaker Folding Turkish Bath Cabinet** with door partly open. When closed it is an airtight rubber-walled Bath Room within itself. The "Quaker" is the only really convenient and absolutely *safe* Bath Cabinet manufactured. It is the most expensively made Cabinet, having steel frame, pure rubber cloth, etc., yet it sells for less money than the wooden-framed cheap cloth shoddy counterfeits. The "Quaker" should be used weekly by every man, woman and child to rid the body and blood of the impure acids, salts and poisonous matter, which, if retained, cause disease, debility and sluggishness.

IT PROVIDES A GENUINE TURKISH BATH AT HOME FOR ONLY 3c

This Cabinet Bath is a common sense treatment, a sure relief and permanent cure for chronic, acute, inflammatory and muscular Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, aches and pains, swollen joints, all Blood, Skin, Liver, Nervous and Kidney troubles. By means of this Cabinet the poorest person in the country can receive at home all the beneficial treatment afforded at the famous health resorts, hot springs and sanitariums. We will give \$50 for each and every case of Rheumatism that cannot be relieved.

LETTERS FROM PEOPLE WHOM YOU KNOW!

These letters are not from mythical people—they are letters from people whom YOU know—whom EVERY ONE knows. They are letters from eminent persons, made eminent by their great-hearted interests in and self-sacrificing labors for humanity. They are letters from persons whose words are weighted with wisdom, and who praise voluntarily or not at all. Note what they say about Hot Air and Vapor Baths:

ALICE B. STOCKHAM, M. D., one of the best known and best loved women in America, because of her great book "Tokology," a rich blessing to mothers, says:

The "vapor bath cleanses and promotes the healthy action of the skin as no other bath can do, thus relieving the other excretory organs.

"It equalizes the circulation of the blood, removes all local congestions of any part, which is one of the most important things to be accomplished in the treatment of disease.

"It is the quickest, easiest and most effectual means of purifying the blood known to man. It washes the body inwardly and outwardly of its impurities.

"It soothes and tranquilizes the nervous system, sweeps the cobwebs of care from the brain—leaving it clear and refreshed—and equalizes the flow of the nervous fluid throughout the body.

"For the above reasons this bath is especially useful in the treatment of all diseases arising from impurity of the blood, inactivity of the skin, local congestions or inflammations, or unbalanced nervous action.

"It is invaluable in drug poisoning, scrofula consumption, diseases of the skin, dropsy, remittent and intermittent fevers, coughs, colds, catarrh, croup, gout, rheumatism, neuralgia, malaria, diseases of the liver and kidneys, bronchitis, etc.

"Many eruptive diseases are healed by it. A lady told me she had salt rheum all over her body—a ten-cent piece could not be laid on a spot free from eruption. She took these wonderful baths

daily for three months without any drugs and cured herself. She gained in strength, flesh and appetite, and besides found herself free from many minor ailments."

In her book, "Tokology," she recommends these baths to every woman, and especially to married women, in the very strongest language.

THE EMINENT DR. EZRA HAMILTON.
Late Physician to Royalty in Europe, and one of the Most Learned Members of the Medical Profession, says
of the Quaker Bath Cabinet.

"Today every practitioner recognizes the great value and scope of the hot air or Turkish bath, which is the most refreshing as well as luxurious and cleansing bath known. It secures perfect equalization of the circulation: its effects are permanent, stimulating and invigorating to the entire system, thus insuring prolongation of life and producing a healthful condition of both mind and body.

"Nervous diseases and rheumatism in their worst forms succumb to this treatment. The skin is rendered clear, transparent, soft and velvety. Skin eruptions and blood diseases disappear through its stimulating and eliminating effects. I have seen the worst forms of liver, kidney and urinary troubles, as well as blood diseases, cured by its use without medicine.

"It benefits the entire bodily system, improves the general

health, produces purity of person unattainable by any other means, beautifies the complexion, and when regularly used, twice weekly, wards off fevers, colds and disease.

"Every home should be supplied with the means of taking these excellent health baths."

JENESSE MILLER has no peer in this country as an authority on physical beauty in women, and how to secure and retain it even to old age. In her popular book on "Physical Beauty" she says:

"I have known some remarkable cures of nervous troubles and of the two extremes of obesity and leanness from the use of Hot Air and Vapor Baths. They are exhilarating as well as reposeful, new life and energy animates the frame, and stirs the sluggish blood which is no longer clogged with the impurities which have impeded the vital organs from fulfilling their proper functions. Students of history are familiar with the stories of magnificence, cleanliness and value of the baths of the ancient Greeks and Romans, also the fascinating accounts of the Turkish baths, as the Turks themselves enjoyed it. I heartily recommend these baths for every man, woman and child, especially for over-worked, sedentary and mentally tired people, for their effects are not only immediate in reducing the pressure of the blood, relaxing the nerves and cleansing the skin, but they stimulate the liver and kidneys, and open a way for the elimination of impurities."

Among a long list of well known people, from an accumulation of thousands of testimonials, we publish just these three now, and "a three-fold cord is not easily broken." These are samples of all recommending the Vapor Bath in unmeasured terms.

REMEMBER We will sell you a \$12.00 Bath Cabinet for only \$5.00, and send it to you on 30 days' trial, refunding your money promptly and cheerfully if everything is not as represented.

If desired for \$1.00 extra a Face and Head Steaming Attachment is furnished. Gives the face, head and neck the same vapor treatment as the body. It is grand for beautifying the skin and complexion. Removes Pimples, Blackheads, Blotches, Skin Diseases and Eruptions, and is invaluable for Colds, Catarrh, Asthma and Throat Troubles.

TO-MORROW A THOUSAND OTHERS WILL SEND IN **TO-DAY!**
THEIR ORDERS. SEND YOURS

Send your order direct to us, enclosing FIVE DOLLARS, and the Cabinet will be shipped by first express. Remit safely by P. O. Money Order, Draft, Check or Registered Letter.

DON'T BE A "TOMORROWER"— FIVE DOLLARS invested **TO-DAY** in a Quaker Bath Cabinet will save you no end of Doctors' **ACT IN THE LIVING PRESENT.** bills, will add years to your life, and secure to you good health to enjoy them.

SEND YOUR ADDRESS FOR "BOOK OF BATHS"—SENT FREE

Before you sleep again see that your order is on its way to the makers, who are responsible and reliable, and do just as they agree.

Capital \$100,000.00. Address:

The World Manufacturing Co., 1744 World Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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(Entered at the Postoffice at Columbus, O., as Second-Class Matter.)

According to the New York Independent's report of the Sabbath School association census of the religious state of Philadelphia, there are 93 Spiritualists in that city. As the work of taking the census is not completed at this writing, the probabilities are that the Spiritualistic fraternity may be increased to an even hundred.

Thompson Jay Hudson, author of the "Law of Psychic Phenomena," who is not a Spiritualist, asserts: "The man who denies the phenomena of spiritualism to-day is not entitled to be called a skeptic, he is simply ignorant."

Mrs. Mary Foote Beecher Perkins died March 14 at Hartford, Conn., aged 94 years and 9 months.

Mrs. Perkins was a sister of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher and of Harriet Beecher Stowe and a half-sister of Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, and of Rev. Thomas K. Beecher of Elmira, N. Y., the last surviving brother who died the same day, aged 81 years.

A MICHIGAN BEADLE.

The following offensive nose-gay is given to the citizens of Lansing, Mich., by Mayor Todd. It is in the form of a notice. Says Todd:

"All parties are hereby notified that the board of mayor and aldermen have adopted the state law in regard to vaccination and all citizens of the municipality are hereby required to be vaccinated, and a failure to do so will submit them to a fine of not less than \$6 and costs. Inspectors will be sent around about the first of April and all persons not found successfully vaccinated under this act will be arrested and fined. Doctors McLean, Harrison, Catchings, Hunter, Todd, Harrington, Turner, Fulgham, Gant, Fairley, Culley, Rhodes, Berry, Hughes, Jones, Redmond and Beal are instructed to vaccinate persons and present the bill to the city.

J. W. TODD,
 "Mayor."

As long as a sovereign people will permit such a law to be enacted we don't see why it should not be enforced, and we trust that enough syphilis, scrofula and other nastiness will be injected into the citizens of Lansing to make them aware of the fact that liberty was once abroad in the land.

Coming Age, \$2 per year; Light of Truth, \$1.50 per year. Both for \$2.50 per year.

HOW THE GREAT WORK PROCEEDS.

Over \$300,000,000 in dividends have been paid out of mines working the same kind of ores that are known to be in King Solomon's Mining Company's properties. These properties are located in the West Kootenay District of British Columbia on the west bank of Kootenay lake on the same range of the Rocky mountains where these same dividend payers are located. The fact is that wherever base metals in the form of lode veins are found, together with cheap water power, and the mines honestly managed, all elements of chance or speculation are removed.

Making a success of these mines is like running a mercantile business. A merchant must have the goods on his shelves before he begins business. In like manner, in the mining business the miner must sink great shafts and run many levels. When these shafts and tunnels are completed and paid for, then the great quantity of ore reserves can be figured on for profit just like any other assured project or business enterprise where money is loaned.

Now, what King Solomon's Mining company wants is loan of money on its special stock. The first block issued for borrowing purposes was taken within 16 days after opening its sale. This success is phenomenal. Fifty thousand dollars in the form of cash and bills receivable now in the hands of the company will be expended in sinking shafts and running levels.

A pregnant thought arises right here. If you was loaning money, you would not make the loan as large on vacant lands as you would if buildings and improvements had been made suitable for the land. It is on precisely the same proposition that King Solomon's Mining company asks its friends to loan \$20 on 100 shares of its stock, because the \$50,000 already raised will be spent on the shafts, levels and buildings, making this block of stock that much more valuable, just as the improvements made by a farmer or manufacturer increase the borrowing power of his property.

When this 20 cent block is disposed of, and President Townsend says he feels sure it will be brought to a close by April 15, the \$100,000.00 raised from this additional sale will be put into the mines and improvements, then justifying the company in asking 50 cents a share, or \$50 for 100 shares for the third block.

As in each instance the loaner gets his money back with interest at 4 per cent whether he belongs to the class that loaned the company \$7, \$20 or \$50, all are on the same footing. They get their money back and have their stock free.

The work will begin actively in May, and by the time \$50,000 have been put into shafts and levels, there will be a main shaft 450 feet deep and six levels, each 300 feet in length, and an air chamber 450 feet. This will open up 45,000 tons of ore reserves, each ton of which, exclusive of zinc, nickel and copper, simply valuing the lead and silver, will yield \$3.80 net. This being granted, it will readily be seen why the company is positive that refunding of money to the purchasers of these special blocks of stock will begin by October or November. President Townsend declares that the mines and their kindred industries within five years will be earning \$6,000,000 annually in dividends, and will increase yearly thenceforward.

Spiritualists who know the sterling worth of James B. Townsend and his career should be quick to take advantage of this, his greatest enterprise.

Light of Truth Album, \$1.25, postpaid.

WHAT WE SEE.

We see that Senator Simon of Oregon has spoken of Mr. Clark of Montana, as the man who, in quest of a senatorial seat, "separated himself from \$800,000. Quite an expressive expression.

That in his speech at the Ohio society's dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel, New York, President McKinley impressively said: "There can be no imperialism." Wonder what Archbishop Hanna and Senator Ireland understand by this!

That Representative Hunter has introduced a bill in the lower house of the Ohio general assembly making it a penal offense with 10 years in the penitentiary for any priest or parson in Ohio who has undue relations with any member of his flock. Now if some prude will introduce a bill to remove the squirrels from the state house yard because they twitch their tails when the ladies feed them peanuts, the farce of rump legislation will be complete.

That what the people of Ohio ought to do is to abolish the legislature for 10 years and then allow it to sit three months for the sole purpose of repealing bad laws. It's a pretty bold proceeding on the part of Representative Hunter to lay the foundation of an enormous increase of taxation in providing prison facilities in case his fool bill becomes law.

That the consensus of opinion appears to be that if the widely heralded Topeka Capital with Rev. Mr. Sheldon as editor, is the kind of newspaper Jesus would publish, it is fortunate for his reputation that he never engaged in the newspaper business.

That Sappho certainly must be nasty. A New York grand jury has indicted Nethersole and her company for giving a play inimical of public decency. Meanwhile the publishers of the book can't keep up with the orders for it from the outraged public.

The Spiritualists' Hymnal—25 cents, postpaid.

WHAT SPIRITUALIST EDITORS ARE SAYING.

There are many mortals who can foresee events and forecast your destiny; but a spirit medium should be an instrument in the hands of the higher intelligences to transmit to humanity important information bearing upon the relation of the spiritual universe; the philosophy of spiritual intercourse; origin and nature of the higher forces, and the laws of mediumship.—Religio-Philosophical Journal.

The home has always had for man the most sacred influence, and in the question of religion it has played a great part. The old-fashioned custom of family prayers showed the way to true worship, and with the advent of Spiritualism family worship became a reality, for the various members and friends of the family, "dead" and alive, joined in fellowship of spirit which had been made possible by the opening of the door between the two conditions of life.—The Two Worlds.

What would Jesus think? What would Jesus say? What would Jesus teach? How would Jesus act? are samples of a multitude of questions which fall from preacher's lips just now, as if the thought, expression or action of an ideal character of 1900 years ago has anything to do with the people of today, another race, surrounded by other conditions, thinking other thoughts, engaged in other acts, saying braver words, and working out a more glorious destiny than he was capable of conceiving.—The Progressive Thinker, Chicago.

Mind is the great power. With it, points are gained or lost. Health to a great extent depends upon it. Great thoughts inspire others, and as the pebble dropped in the pond sends its waves of water to the uttermost parts of the pond, and we listen to their ripple on the shores, so the waves of thought fall upon etheric space and

THE 52d ANNIVERSARY.

When this issue of the Light of Truth reaches its readers arrangements will have been well nigh perfected by the various associations for the annual celebration which all Spiritualists delight in. Fifty-two years ago March 31 the raps at Hydesville brought out something definite regarding the posthumous life of man, and since then millions have known more or less of the great truth of our common immortality. An event so tremendous in its significance never should be lost sight of and the Light of Truth, true alike to the past with its crudities, the present with its sublime achievements and the future with its great possibilities, bespeaks for the angels' cause on earth a hearty and enthusiastic celebration on next Sunday.

Above all, let petty animosity be buried and forgotten. Let sweet Memory's hallowed realms echo with recollections of the good, the true, the beautiful in life. Let charity and peace rule the shrines and the forums wherein the great principles of the gospel of glad tidings shall have expression. Spiritualism is not on trial, never was and never will be, but some Spiritualists are on trial. Let each search for himself or herself the secret recesses of their own lives. 'Tis there that the eternal register is made, and whether we read it today or later on, the record will meet each one and will have to be read by each one.

PEN POINTS.

It is the little man who complains most bitterly of littleness in other men.

Better to have calamities fall heavily than lightly. In that manner spirit is aroused to remove them. Little troubles are endured and they, oft-times, kill.

Negotiations are pending with parties in Europe involving the sale of a large portion of the third block of King Solomon's Mining Company's stock at fifty cents a share, as rapidly as the second block is going in this country.

cause their tiny waves to fall upon all brains, and as soon as we become through proper training sufficiently sensitive to catch them, we hear the sound as plainly as we hear the ripple of the waves on the sandy beach.—The Sunflower.

The celebration of this happy anniversary can not be made too general nor too elaborate in nature. It is the anniversary of the most important event in the history of sixteen centuries, hence deserves no little attention at the hands of those whom its revelations have blessed. The rediscovery of the means of communicating with those whom the world called dead was an achievement that neither scientist nor theologian in ages had ever made. It gave to a sorrowing world rare scintillations of spiritual light, and cast a halo of effulgent glory over death and the grave. Let us be celebrated in spirit and in truth.—Banner of Light, Boston.

We have always held that Spiritualism is a science, not a superstition, and that it is based upon the common facts of daily life, only upon higher planes of being. We dislike the very word "supernatural." The natural is enough for us. In fact, it is becoming absurd to fix anywhere the limits of the natural; and, even in our present very restricted condition of knowledge, we are warranted in saying that there are not and can not be any such limits. This is our answer to those who are inclined to scientifically snub us as superstitious or supernaturalists. We are par excellence the very reverse, because we are par excellence the assertors of the truth that, in our calculations, we must bring into the sphere of the natural whatever God there is, and whatever order of beings there may be beyond the range of our present senses.—Light, London, England.

DEPARTMENT OF

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

Personal Experiences Proving Spirit Return

PSYCHIC EXPERIENCES.

Leaves From a Life.

By H. S. Genevra Lake.

The semi-autobiographical nature of this article is not designed as a personal introduction to The Light of Truth readers (large numbers of whom have listened for years to the views which I have set forth), but is written for the purpose of strengthening belief in the after life, and of modern and continuous revelation thereabout.

From my earliest recollection I have been cognizant of, and, at intervals, conversant with beings of super-sensuous realms. My ancestry were all orthodox—Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians. In the latter faith I was reared by a mother "who feared God and kept His commandments;" but spirit beings instructed me, and endeavored to explain, to my childish mind, the errors in the systems taught. They also imparted much valuable information on every-day matters, and came to be regarded by me as real personages, information from whom was more valuable than that imparted by the "mortals" who surrounded me.

This condition and these things were unsought. I had no theory of the cause, and not until I was mature did I hear the word "Spiritualism," or meet its adherents. Meantime I had produced, by inspirational and automatic writing, a large volume of poems, the author of which claimed to be one whose name and verses I had never, at that time, seen or heard. The work, however, is characteristic, and the incidents connected with it establish identity. With this supermundane being I held almost daily converse and wrote continuously under his influence for many years.

This companionship is one of the dearest and most precious memories of my life; for a childhood which would have otherwise been largely barren of the gentle and ennobling atmosphere of lofty and liberal minds was made, thereby, rich with reason, inspiration and analysis, and all after years have shown evidence of this strange tutelage.

I became, also, at this time, measurably clairvoyant, clairaudient, and psychometric, but for a long period engaged in other avocations, I made no professional use of these developed and developing powers.

Twenty-three years ago, however, I took up the work of presenting certain phases of super-consciousness and of proclaiming the philosophy which appeared to me to explain these things and to lie at the base of moral being.

Hundreds of persons, entire strangers to me, in almost all parts of the union, have declared that through my organism they have held converse with those who have passed on; that these persons have been accurately described, information has been given establishing their identity and events foretold which were afterward verified. Many of these admissions are in my possession and may be referred to in later articles.

It has always been my habit, with but few exceptions, to require of those receiving these communications, a

positive statement as to whether, in their opinion, the information conveyed could have been gathered from any mundane source. By this means it became possible, not only to satisfy the inquirer, but to leave a more profound and thorough conviction, in my own mind, as to the reality and validity of these occurrences.

One by one, from childhood to the present date, have the links in the chain of evidence been forged and fastened, until now the life that is and that other which we speak of as "to be" have become one and the same, differing only in degrees of consciousness and unfoldment of capacity.

The event which first impressed my youthful mind most permanently (other than the work of the decarnate poet to whom I have already alluded), was connected with a very severe illness which I experienced at about the age of 12. Diphtheria was prevalent at that time in the locality where my parents resided and I chanced to become one of its victims. So rapid and deadly were its ravages that my father was compelled to request a neighbor, in the gloom of the night, to ride post-haste to the nearest village, three miles distant, to summon the family physician. I knew well that the watchful mother did not believe I should survive until the messenger returned, for already there were the ominous rattle and gurgle which accompany the last stages of this dread disease.

Hurriedly lifting me from the couch, my parents placed me in an arm chair near the stove, when, glancing up, just as I was seated and they had withdrawn a little for consultation, I beheld a bright and singularly imposing personage who said he had come to see if I wished to accompany him. I responded at once in the affirmative, but, catching sight of my weeping mother, I exclaimed (the conversation with this supermundane being was wholly mental): "Oh, no! I must remain for mother's sake, unless I shall be less well prepared to go when you come for me again than I now am." To which he answered: "You will be much better prepared if you stay," and rapidly making passes over me the bright being dissipated the pain, reduced the swelling and disappeared, leaving me in a comparatively comfortable state, to the astonishment of the family and the doctor, who, arriving in the gray of dawn, had been led to believe that the patient might have expired long before.

So certain was I that the narration of the visit of my invisible guest and of the almost instantaneous cure would meet only with doubt and ridicule, that I mentioned it to no one until I had arrived at years of maturity, and many other and equally astonishing events had taken place in my singular life.

About this time I used to occupy myself much in long rambles alone through shady nooks which were numerous about my birthplace, when I seemed to be accompanied by these unseen companions who were always speaking of a strange work which I should undertake.

Oftentimes I would clasp my hands over my eyes, press them for a few seconds, suddenly withdraw my palms, and behold in mid-air a platform fac-

ing multitudes of people and myself thereon (larger and different, it is true, but still myself), addressing the assemblage. Speaking aloud to vacancy I would say: "How, and who is that?" and through the vibrant stillness of those mellow days something like a voice sounded in my inner ear: "That is yourself and your life work."

Many years have come and gone since then. I have traveled thousands of miles by land and water and faced hundreds of audiences of every kind and quality, but never have I risen to speak to these that my mind has not darted back with lightning swiftness to the homestead on the hill, the mild eyed cows as witnesses of this strange phenomena, and the shy, sensitive girl shouting into the spaces: "Who is that, and why does she speak?"

(To be continued.)

THE LATEST VICTIM OF IGNORANT MENDACITY.

Mr. Ernest Stephens, the well-known trumpet medium of Columbus, O., was recently the victim of a plot of ignorant scamps in Wheeling, W. Va., who in the interests of and paid by the newspapers, stole their way into a private residence and flashed a light on one of Mr. Stephens' seances, alleging afterwards that he was thoroughly exposed.

The following letter to one of the newspapers, written by Mrs. S. S. Brown, one of the most cultured and refined ladies of Wheeling, gives the facts of the case:

Wheeling, March 12.

To the Editor of the Register:

Sir—I see in this morning's papers an article purporting to expose a Mr. Stephenson, of Elm Grove, who held a seance on Market street, Sunday evening. Mr. Editor, there is not to my knowledge any medium by the name of "Setphenson" residing at Elm Grove, and as I am pretty generally known in Spiritualistic circles, I would certainly have heard of him had such been the case. The article is a bundle of misrepresentation, with just a grain of truth here and there.

It is true that there was a seance held on Market street, but it was not held in Behrens hall. It was held in the privacy of my own home. Mr. Ernest Stephens, of Columbus, O., who is well known in this city as a thoroughly reliable and honest medium, conducted the seance. It is also true that there were two aluminum trumpets, about three feet in length, and the "usual maneuvers" alluded to in this article was the seating of the circle before turning out the gas.

It is true that five men, wearing the garb of gentlemen, came uninvited, and through misrepresentation gained admittance to the seance. Mr. Editor, anyone of ordinary intelligence who has ever attended a seance or who has read intelligently on the subject knows that a spirit does not need to be called for. If it is possible for them to communicate with their friends, they are only too glad to do so without being called.

The writer of this article says that there were five skeptical ones who attended the seance. I have met many skeptics, Mr. Editor, and I respect them. He says they attended the seance to expose the "fake," that when the darkness was relieved by a sudden burst of light from a pocket lamp carried by one of the doubters, "there was the professor in the center of the circle, with the trumpet in his mouth."

Mr. Editor, it is an utter falsehood from beginning to end. When the light was flashed the trumpet fell from the ceiling to the floor, where, by the first rays of the light it could

plainly be seen floating. Furthermore, Mr. Stephens was seated between two of the sitters, also skeptics, just as he was when the seance started, and not standing in the center of the circle, as stated by the "honorable" skeptic, as eighteen of the twenty-three sitters can and will testify.

The skeptic, in his article, has been very elaborate in his details of what the rays of the little lamp revealed to him, and, Mr. Editor, I will tell you what they revealed to us, and it can be proven, not by five, but by eighteen, honorable people. The rays showed us five of the smallest big men it was ever our lot to see, who after starting the disturbance, were so frightened at the possible termination that they acted more like demented beings than rational men. Surely, the spirit of madness was rife. One of the Spiritualists crossed the room to light the gas, and the five, in their guilty terror, must have thought he was going to strike them (which they richly deserved). Their terror and frightened pleadings of "Don't strike me! Don't strike me!" and their antics as they jumped around the room will long be remembered by those who witnessed it as a most ridiculous sight.

If there was a policeman's lead-filled club in the crowd it was not flourished, as stated in the article, but was kept religiously in their pockets, or, perhaps, in their panic-stricken fright they thought they flourished it. But, nevertheless, the policeman's club was flourished only on paper. I would that the mothers and the friends of those five doubters could have seen them as we did for the five seconds they were allowed to remain. They certainly would have felt proud of them. Needless to state the denouement of the evening created a sensation amongst the bona fide Spiritualists, but not such a sensation as they think. If a medium is a fraud, the Spiritualists are the first to know it. If we need help from skeptics we will be sure they are gentlemen before inviting them. The five doubting ones should be sure when they leave a spy to report proceedings that his report can be relied on, and that he is not known to be a spy by the remaining sitters.

Contrary to the report of the spy, (who is known) the circle was resumed, with very favorable results, all things considered. Mr. Stephens knows the names of the parties without calling at the Inteligencer office. They were not unknown to several of the sitters. If the "skeptics" whirl in the legal arena (as he threatens in his article), should be as full of bravery as his antics under the rays of the little lamp, it would surely be a rich treat to witness it. It is a matter of indifference to Mr. Stephens whether these five doubters ever believe in Spiritualism or not.

They came to our home uninvited, and obtruded their presence on our privacy, and that, if no other reason, should have caused them to act as gentlemen, regardless of what they thought of the seance. I send this, Mr. Editor, in vindication of Mr. Stephens, whom we know to be a worthy gentleman.

MRS. S. S. BROWN.

2219 Market street.

JOHN RUSKIN.

Quenched is his lamp, ey'n in its flickering dear.

We miss the light; we would not have him here;

No carping littlenesses lift their head Where he is, 'mid the great, unjealous dead.

He thirsted—as a thirsty land for rain— For Beauty and for Good as men for gain; Now may he drink of the immortal tide, Ever athirst and ever satisfied.

—F. W. Bourdillon in The London Spectator.



Address all Communications for this Department to its
Editress, "Aunt Rose," Box 65, Rollin, Mich.

THE LOST GLASSES.

"Oh, Johnny, my liddle, your eyes are young—
Use them for grandma, dear;
My glasses, alas! are lost again;
I've searched for them far and near.
For lack of my glasses I can not find
The glasses I lack—'tis true!
Look well, and some one, when you are old,
Will do the same for you."

"When I am old, dear grandmama,"
Said Johnny with rogulsh eye,
"I s'pose I shall read with glasses, too,
And sometimes lay them by.
But when they're lost I shall never search
On window-sill or shelf;
I shall just put my hand on top of my head
And find them for myself."
—Selected.

1848. MARCH 31, 1900.

Again do we welcome with joy the anniversary of glad tidings! Again do we lift our thankful hearts to the arisen ones and their true instruments for the great gift bestowed on an expectant world, when in that humble cottage at Hydesville, 52 years ago, the dark clouds of doubt and superstition were parted by the tiny hands of children that the bright blue sky of truth and hope and knowledge of immortality might shine through, never to be entirely obscured again.

Don't you wonder sometimes, my little friends, what life must have been worth in those olden days before the light of Spiritualism had come to modify their purely imaginative conceptions of the hereafter? When heaven was a far-off prison, whose occupants were those who had never been happy while on earth, vinking all harmless amusements sinful and even the laughter of innocence, the singing of birds, the murmuring of babbling brooks, the rustling harmonies of forest leaves, the rhythmic music of the sea, the love of child and friend but devious ways to lure their thoughts from God and holiness.

When timid children were taught that Satan walked with them to tempt them to do evil, and every questioning thought of their growing reason was put there by his majesty, and must be stifled ere its birth.

When in orthodox households one day in every week was but a day of torture to little restive minds, instead of joy and mirth and peaceful recreation.

But we are glad, are we not, to remember on this day of all the year most dear, that it was children that first sounded the death knell of these direful, soul-dwarfing conditions and surroundings.

That it was children in the hands of the arisen hosts that broke their bonds, and through this great awakening the world was taught that life's blossoms can only expand, unfold their bright petals, and reach their highest development and greatest perfection in the pure free air of love and happi-

ness. Taught to look up that they may behold God in all the beauty of his great universe; in the gorgeous sunsets, rainbow-hued; the sun-bathed, vine-clad mountain peaks; the undulating flower-decked plains; the wooded heights with waving, beckoning arms; in the sublimity and grandeur of all nature, learning that there are "Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks, Sermons in stones and good in everything."

Those of you who live quite isolated from other Spiritualists feel often, I doubt not, that you are quite brave to acknowledge your religion before the many who know nothing of it, but what courage think you must it have required for Maggie and Katie Fox, in 1848, to be true to spirit teaching, when almost the whole world were looking on with scorn and ridicule and unbelief.

So let us ever remember with love and tenderness the little girls that first rightly interpreted spirit manifestations, and to whom we therefore owe so much of all that is most dear and precious to us in life, and not pass March 31 by unnoticed. If we do not live where we can join in the services of some society, we can yet commemorate the day in some manner.

Shall I tell you a short, simple story of a sweet child-heart and her loving thoughtfulness? Out on the barren plains of the great west it opens, where we find a little family who had left their eastern friends and early associates to gain for themselves a home where it seemed more easily obtainable, and were therefore bravely enduring the discomforts and privations of such a life. Bravely, I say, and yet who could wonder if there oft came longings for familiar scenes and faces. But in the sunny smiles and merry-making of bright little Edna and darling baby Clair, they had but little leisure for vain regret and re-pining.

Edna was an earnest winsome little maid of eight summers, who, while having no playmates visible to ordinary vision, yet often talked and played with spirit children, and from them learned much of their homes and life "beyond the veil." And never did the little 4-year-old brother tire of hearing her tell the story o'er, that had so oft been repeated to her, of the little Fox girls, and how the tiny raps came, one, two, three, to startle and attract their attention, and make them know they had guests, although invisible, who had a message for them and all the world.

Scarcely a year had been passed in their new surroundings when Edna asked one wild March morning, seeming to realize for the first time its near approach, "How will we celebrate the 'anniversary,' mamma?" "I do not know, my child." And as her thoughts went back to the treasured old-time services of joy and thanksgiving, sur-

rounded by her girlhood's friends, she hastily brushed the tears away, and tried to smile as she said brightly, "I guess this year it will have to be kept just in our hearts, dearie."

But Edna's busy little mind was far from satisfied, and she puzzled her brains for many days, thinking of ways and means. And when the memorable day arrived papa and mamma were quite amused to receive cards bearing the following rather unique invitation, headed:

"A RECEPTION PARTY."

"You are to come to mamma's parlor this evening at 7 o'clock, and are expected to help entertain our guests with song or story."

And so, when the shadows gathered at eventide, the little group assembled and carried out the simple program Edna, with such painstaking had arranged. Then, in the hush of expectant silence, they had not long to wait to know that the loved ones from the higher spheres had come to greet and bid them be of courage and good cheer.

"Oh, World! You may tell me I dream or rave,
So long as my darlings come to prove
That the feet of the spirit cross the grave,
And the loving live, and the living love."

When the "good-bys" had all been said, and they busied themselves in preparations for the night, each felt that never before had the two worlds so interblended and been made as one to them, and that this evening would long stand out as one of the most precious and bright spots in their rather monotonous life.

And when Edna came for her good-night kiss, do you wonder if they held her a little closer to their hearts, as she murmured sleepily, "Mamma, don't you think the angels were glad to come and help us celebrate?"

AUNT ROSE.

PUSSIES.

Two little pussies
Came out one day,
One saw the other
Over the way.

"Good morning, sister,
How do you do?"
The other answered
With just a mew,

One gray pussy
In great surprise,
Could hardly believe
Her little eyes.

"I could never
Stir from the bough;
That young pussy
Is walking now."

The other pussy
Went home with a bound;
"Mother Tabby,
Guess what I've found?"

A saucy kitten
Sat in a tree;
Wore a brown bonnet,
And mocked at me."

—Kate L. Brown.

The Pathway of the Soul Through Form Life.

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A LAMENT FOR LOSS OF A DEAR ONE;

Or, The Meaning of Amulets, Rosaries, Crystals and Gifts.

"He is in love with an ideal,
A creature of his own imagination;
A thing of air—an echo of the heart!
And like a lily on the river fleeting—
This floats on the river of his thoughts."

(By Sylvanus Lyon.)

"Oh, I had such a great loss this morning" (the old man exclaimed), without warning it came, seemingly irreparable. "It was as if a dear friend—proved with countless acts—days—years of close fellowship—and it once saved my life. It was also my father's sure, tried friend, giving him also good, faithful, long service."

"Oh, who, or wherever will I ever replace this tried constant one?"

And thus touchingly would the old man's sorrow feelings break forth. Dear ones' kindly sympathy, telling of other similar aids, did not help him to repair and better this loss; all was of no avail to still the love beats of the old man's nature, for the loss of the sure, tried companion; and oft he questioned—doubting of any substitute.

Any ties of friendship grow dear, if bound with love tendrils; but life's friendships, all uncertain, often change—sometimes grow saddening. Who can surely fully count on friends for all life's necessities and daily trials? At times relationship proves a weak strength, and many (so-called) loving unions are often cruelly sundered.

It was not thus with the old man's treasure, for oft repeated, daily, hourly, it had proved sure and true; always giving just the needed aid; and the same kind offices to "his father," and thus you can judge of his grief at this sudden loss.

"Pray tell us the name and relationship of this dear one, possessing these honors and virtue?" you ask, confidently.

I confess I hesitate to answer, fearing you will fail to see this tie of endearment, reckon truly this loss; for loving ones could not fully understand or quiet the old man's grief. And why?

We all reckon foolishly in life, judging with low, mean standards. We call dollars first and most, and prize so much dull, material things, forgetting the heart's greater riches. There are higher values of kindness, and love and sweet sympathy always garners royal blessings.

And thus the loss and bereavement of our old Pilgrim was only for an old hickory cane—now rudely shattered and broken. It had no gold mountings or letterings; was not finely polished, but it had proved long and well staunch and true, giving at each step just the needed support, ready in all emergencies, and never failing in crowd or strife.

Can you wonder if the old man's cane had come to seem like a dear, good friend?

Other canes—and many—had been temptingly offered; polished mounted, of all manner of woods; but not one ever could be found as good or half equal to the dear old hickory staff of life. It had been tried; yes, and by father, well and long—both lame and with many pains—and it had always done good service. What more ask of any friend—or lover—and can you wonder at the sadness and grief at the breaking of

The Old Hickory Cane?

CHAPTER II.

"It warms me, it charms me,
To mention but its name;
It heats me, it leads me,
And sets me a' on flame."

You think my story simple—with no lesson of beauty. Not so! I'll prove that a true, loving impulse often reverences, cherishes and almost idealizes places, things, trinkets or symbols—and with many examples.

Our Dora's Tabby will make twice the journey moosing to rest on her favorite stamp. Old dog Rover (mortally wounded by the express) would only rest and fast, ten long days, on his cellar plank; and the singing bird gives no sweet warbles unless it has its old stick perch.

"But these are only mean animals," you exclaim—"dumb! foolish!" Well, then, I have many others!

Only today a dear lady writes (joyfully): "Aunt Cal wills me the old clock and metal buttons (at her death), and to go to my boy Howard at 21.

A similar feeling. Our head, smart class boy could not recite unless feeling a coat brass button; and for an example, Napoleon the Great only won battles wearing his old chapeau and sword. This was the inspiration of the opera song, "Le sabre du mon Pere."

There's a natural love of relics. See Waterloo and any battlefield—the Maine and warships—all have been many times sold to eager tourists as mementoes. See the amulets, rosaries, crystals, and the so-called sacred relics of wood, brass or gold—worshipped, blessed—giving comfort, health and life; and the emblem of the cross has and will for ages claim love and reverence from all Christians. Must I continue to answer your doubts? Are these all false ideas with no significant meaning? Do they not prove the magnetic instrument for receiving, giving, imparting, influencing for good or evil? Why not possessing—using these seem to grow a dear relationship?

The touch of the magnet (forever) turns the needle to the pole; and the tiny wire collects and transmits sound—voice—love—thoughts over continents. Why not with better—finer spirit forces impart health and life?

A simple picture, locket or trinket will recall life's scenes and memories and at times (when misery or joy are with us) a word, touch, look, will thrill all life's chords to deepest sorrow or blissful ecstasy.

And thus, you see, and can surely pity and feel the old man's sorrow for the sad loss of his Old Hickory Cane.

All will be pained, I know, to learn of the sudden transition of Mrs. Dempsey, of Minneapolis, the beloved mother of our Eddie and Annie Eva Dempsey, and will join with Aunt Rose in extending to them and their loved ones our heartfelt and sincerest sympathy in this great sorrow and loneliness.

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Recent experiences of Samuel Bowles, late editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. Written through the hand of Carrie E. S. Twing, Westfield, N. Y. Price 30 cents; postage 3 cents.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FIELD AT A GLANCE.

Lily Dale, N. Y., is now an international postoffice.

Campbell Brothers are meeting with success in Buffalo.

Geo. H. Brooks will be chairman at Lily Dale the coming summer.

Cottages at Cassadaga camp can be rented at from \$25 to \$150 for the season.

Lake Brady camp will open July 1 and close Sept. 2. For particulars address Geo. N. Abbot, 745 High street, Alliance, O.

Mrs. Maggie Waite, the gifted medium, is engaged with the Springfield, Mass., society, for the next month and is located in that city at 23 Main street.

J. C. F. Grumbine, Morgan Wood, Dr. Austin, Prof. Wright, Lyman C. Howe and Moses Hull are among the speakers for the Lily Dale camp the coming season.

The Fifty-second anniversary of Modern Spiritualism will be celebrated at Odd Fellows' hall, North Clinton and Main streets, Rochester, N. Y., March 30 and April 1, 1900.

H. H. Warner, writer, speaker and medium, is located for a time in Columbus, and can be addressed at 66 East Town street. Mr. Warner ought to be kept employed. He has a message to deliver and knows how to deliver it.

Editor Marple writes: "Will you please correct my name in article referring to O. S. A. meeting at New Philadelphia? My name is J. C. Marple instead of J. P., and postoffice address is Elm Grove, W. Va. Please also state that I am open for engagements to lecture three weeks out of each month.

E. W. Sprague and wife will serve the Columbus Spiritualists the Sundays of April. Their services can be secured for lectures on week days and evenings at towns within a hundred miles of Columbus. They are both platform test mediums. Mr. Sprague officiates at funerals. Address 745 High street, Alliance, O., until April 1. After April 1 at 66 Town street, Columbus, O.

Cincinnati, O.—Dr. C. D. Larson, the minister to the Temple of Progress, will debate with Mr. Charles Levi before the Ohio Liberal society on April 1 and April 8. The subject on the first Sunday evening will be "Materialism"; on the second, the subject will be "Spiritualism". The debate will take place at the G. A. R. hall.

Columbus, O.—The Liberal Spiritual church of Columbus, O., will celebrate the anniversary of Spiritualism the evening of April the first, at Odd Fellows' Temple, S. High street, a literary and musical service. Some of the best Spiritualists of Columbus are on the program. A cordial invitation is extended to all to be present and help make this anniversary meeting a grand success.—W. D. Noyes.

Toronto, Can.—Arrangements are in progress for a mass meeting of Spiritualists by the First Spiritual church of Toronto, Canada, under the leadership of their pastor, Dr. G. C. Beckwith-Ewell, for the 15th, 16th and 17th of April. Quite an active interest in the Spiritual philosophy has been manifest this season. Continuous services have been maintained by Dr. Ewell since Nov. 1.—Sara L. Hard, M. D.

Owosso, Mich.—"A flow of reason, and feast for the soul!" We have been

especially blessed in the last two months by visits from those two gifted men, Lyman C. Howe of Fredonia, N. Y., and Dr. A. B. Spinney of Reed City, Mich. The inspiration received from their ministrations is never forgotten. Any society wishing the services of Dr. Spinney will be treated to a course of lectures on Physiology during the week.—Mrs. E. S. Parker, Secy.

Chicago.—The Church of Spirit Communion of this city, of which Dr. Arthur D. Houghton is pastor, has rapidly developed many especially interesting points, among which will be found the afternoon conference. This session is under the direction of Harvey J. Coates. The evening services are conducted by the pastor, whose inspirational teachings are of the purest and best, are well appreciated by the large audiences invariably in attendance.—A. A. H.

Springfield, Mo.—The South Side Spiritualist Society has the following executive board for the ensuing year: Mrs. M. Theresa Allen, president; J. Madison Allen, first vice president; Dr. Buckner, second vice president; Mrs. C. J. Dixon, secretary; E. R. Huxley, treasurer; Mrs. M. Cadwallader, Mrs. M. Ingram and E. R. Huxley, trustees. Public services are held regularly by Prof. and Mrs. Allen. Arrangements are being made for celebration of the anniversary.

Toledo, O.—The Independent association of Spiritualists had a local medium, Mrs. Elizabeth Schouss, of 617 Congress street, to occupy the platform Sunday, March 18. She has not done a great deal of public work, although her lectures and tests are good. Mr. W. V. Nicum of Dayton, O., visited the association and gave a demonstration of his hypnotic powers, also a short, nevertheless instructive, talk on Spiritualism, which was highly appreciated.—Geo. Friend.

Minneapolis, Minn.—The fifty-second anniversary of modern Spiritualism will be celebrated by the Washington Union and the Band of Peace Associations at I. O. O. F. hall, corner Central avenue and Fourth street, Sunday, April 1, 1900, with all-day meeting. Our state missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Kates will be with us and several other speakers and mediums. The ladies will serve lunch and supper. A cordial invitation to all Spiritualists and friends to participate in our celebration.—P. J. Samson.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Fraternity of Soul Communion is holding two services each Sunday at the Aurora Grata cathedral, Bedford avenue and Madison street. March 18th, in the afternoon, Mr. Jerome H. Fort gave a most interesting lecture, subject "Spiritualism as a Religion." In the evening Ira Moore Courlis gave a special seance, at which many messages and tests were given and all recognized and appreciated. Verdi quartette sang sweetly and Mr. Boynton sang a tenor solo. A special service is being arranged in commemoration of the 52d anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, which will consist of music, lectures and tests.

San Diego, Cal.—Mrs. Abbie E. Sheets of Grand Ledge, Mich., has just completed a four months' engagement with the First Spiritualist society of this city, which we are gratified to report as a mutually pleasant and successful one. Although coming amongst us almost an entire stranger, Mrs. Sheets soon won the esteem and confidence of all by her genial manner, sterling character and great spiritual endowments. Her lectures were of the highest spiritual order; her treatment of questions and impromptu

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Everett, Mass.—Dear Doctors: Before taking your treatment I could hardly sweep the floor without fainting, but now I do all my work except washing. I know the psychic treatment has done wonders for me, and I thank you most sincerely. MRS. J. PODMORE.

Millers, N. Y.—Dear Doctor: I can feel the psychic treatment very distinctly. It seems like a baptism of glory, filling my being with life and strength. Your patient, JULIA RESSEGUIE.

Mechanicsville, O.—My Dear Doctor: When I commenced taking treatments of you I was and had been in much pain and was dissatisfied and discouraged. It is now a little over three months and I am free from pain; have gained 15 pounds and am still gaining rapidly. My doctor had given me up as incurable. Being sure that I owe my life to your skill I most cheerfully and heartily recommend you to all those in search of health. MRS. ALFONSO BUCK.

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B. F. POOLE, Clinton, Iowa: Your Melted Pebble Spectacles for my wife received and are excellent. Just right. Mine, too, are equally fine. Yours truly W. F. JAMIESON, Correctionville, Iowa.

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subjects gave universal satisfaction; and her audiences—which continued to increase in number through the entire term—were composed of high progressive thinkers, many of whom have not hitherto been identified with Spiritualism. The society gladly testifies its appreciation of and gratitude for her valuable services; and while regretting the necessity of her departure, we most cordially commend her to all Spiritualists and philanthropists as an efficient worker in the cause of humanity. All communications should henceforth be addressed to her at Grand Ledge, Mich.—J. L. Dryden.

RELIEVED OF A BAD INFLUENCE BY A MEDIUM.

For more than twenty-five years I have been suffering with a queer sickness. I would be about my work, apparently in my normal condition and usual health, when suddenly I would become dizzy, reel about and oftentimes fall to the ground. It was not very serious at first, but gradually grew until two years ago I was compelled to give up work. All this time I was doctoring, first with one, then another. My case was given as many names as I had different doctors. One said heart disease, another stomach trouble, another first stages of Bright's disease of the kidneys, etc., each prescribing for whatever malady he considered me afflicted with, but all to no purpose, for the spells or fits gradually grew worse. I have had as many as fifteen a day. I did not know what moment they would come on. I was very disconsolate and was about ready to give up in despair, when about the first of the year I was shown an article in the Light of Truth by L. Dustin under the heading of "What Mediums Do. A Remarkable Case of Obsession." After reading that article I thought it just fitted my case, and at once decided to write to Mr. Dustin, which I did, asking him to put me in communication with Mrs. E. H. Messersmith, the medium spoken of in his article. I received an answer from him by return mail, also one from Mrs. Messersmith. She told me that I was the victim of an obsessing, or undeveloped spirit, who was trying to drag me down to death, which I believe would have been done, but thanks to Mrs. M. and her guides, the obsessing spirit has been sent away, and I stand today a living evidence of the power of absent treatment, through the instrumentality of Mrs. M. and her spirit guides. I am myself again, and rapidly regaining my former health and strength. My despondency has turned to brightness, and I have taken up life's burdens anew.

I write this in justice to Mrs. Messersmith and for the special benefit of those who may be similarly afflicted.
A. M. ROBERTS.

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TAKE COURAGE.

Did we but know of half the power
That sports unseen around us,
We'd woo the sunshine and the shower,
Nor let aught else confound us.
The darkening clouds that make us sad
Through which no stars are shining,
Will on the morrow make us glad,
With their bright silver lining.

Life's tortures that we daily bear,
Which fickle fate disposes,
Will vanish like the humid air,
In the light of morning roses.
Then let thy feet, oh, puny man,
Keep climbing up the mountain,
And thou shalt know sweet nature's plan
To woo thee to its fountain.

Grief, and toll, and sweat, and pain,
Are but ephemeral trouble,
Like, as the sunshine follows rain,
So smiles will burst the bubble.
Then fret not at the winter's cold,
Though empty is thy larder,
On every side thou mayest behold
A child whose fate is harder.

The threatening ocean rocks the ship,
As surging waves are driven up,
Although the masts and canvas rip,
All is not lost that's given up.
Lose thou thy wealth, thy health and all;
Of home and kindred all bereft,
And deeply drink life's bitter gall,
Thou still hast God and heaven left.

—John A. Hoover.

MARRIED.

Married, at the home of Abe Roush, Lake Village, Ind., March 2, 1900, by Mrs. Jennie Peters, under the rites of Spiritualism, Mr. A. C. Rowe to Frances Larson.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

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Read carefully what Mr. L. R. Smith, of El Dorado Springs, Mo., writes us under date of Nov. 27, 1899, also Martan Bowers, of Caraghar, Ohio, under date of Dec. 16th, 1899:

NEURALGIA

I do not know how to express how wonderful I think your "5 DROPS" medicine is. I was suffering intensely with NEURALGIA and thought for a month that I would have to die. One day a lady called to see me and brought me an advertisement of your "5 DROPS." I resolved to try it and sent for a sample bottle. Have been taking it for three weeks and have not had an attack of suffering since I took the first dose. I believe it has saved my life. This statement is positively true. I shall also take pleasure in recommending your "5 DROPS" for the cure of NEURALGIA.

L. R. SMITH, El Dorado Springs, Mo., Nov. 27, 1899.

RHEUMATISM Your "5 DROPS" came to hand on the 11th of last month and was glad to receive it for I was suffering at the time with untold agonies. The first dose helped me out of my pain on short notice. Bless the name of God for it. It will do all you say it will, and more too. I had severe pains all over my body, when night came I could not sleep. The worst pain was in my left leg. I could not put my foot to the floor without suffering great pain. Have used four different kinds of medicine for RHEUMATISM and got no relief until I got your "5 DROPS," which gave me immediate relief as above stated. MARTAN BOWERS, Box 33, Caraghar, Ohio, Dec. 16, 1899.

30 DAYS to enable sufferers to give "5 DROPS" at least a trial, we will send a sample bottle, prepaid by mail for 25c. A sample bottle will convince you. Also, large bottles (300 doses) \$1.00, 6 bottles for \$5. Sold by us and agents. AGENTS WANTED in New Territory. Don't wait! Write now! SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160 to 164 Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

LET GHASTLY PREMATURE BURIALS BE MADE IMPOSSIBLE.

Giles B. Stebbins.

Within the month just passed the Light of Truth has published two reports of persons buried alive, one of them rescued by her husband and a friend, both roused from their beds in the same house, making their rapid way to the cemetery, opening her grave and coffin in frenzied haste, finding her apparently alive, but unconscious, taking her home, and her rapid recovery of health, and not knowing of her ghastly bodily burial, but only told of a severe illness and wonderful restoration—all this after the third hearing of her husband's name in the night, her impassioned voice at last recognized.

Bishop Samuel Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal church, Chicago, gives this marvelous narration in a reputable journal as occurring some years ago: A young married lady in Chicago, whom he calls Mrs. Charles Smith, having thus been rescued from hours of hopeless agony of body and mind, ending in awful physical death.

All the facts point to spirit guidance and power, and fitly show that more life and light are what our celestial friends seek to bring us.

While filled with a deep sense of duty to do something to awaken the people to the need and importance of preventive customs and laws to make premature burials impossible in the near future, the New York Herald's brilliant report of an impassioned speech in the French senate of the venerable Cardinal Donnet of Bordeaux came to sight. He had, while a cure, saved four persons from living burials, and we are led to see that such dreadful experiences are more common than we suppose. This article may be "a word spoken in season" to bring about sure preventions.

There is a peculiar danger to which we are exposed, from the ignorance of many of our physicians. We often see in the newspaper reports of suspended animation and apparent death, with statements of the puzzled and ignorant doctors and their blundering and harmful remedies. Their theory of man is largely materialistic; not until they see man as a spirit, served by a physical body, can they treat these diseases (trances, etc.) which maltreated bury people in living tombs.

New York Herald: In 1866 a most dramatic scene occurred in the French senate—a scene in real life that would have been voted improbable on the stage.

A petition had been presented pointing out the dangers of hasty interments and suggesting measures for their prevention. M. de La Guerreniere proposed to shelve it. But the venerable Cardinal Donnet, archbishop of Bordeaux, arose in support of the petition.

His argument was long and interesting. He had himself, he said, while yet a cure, saved several persons from being buried alive. He had seen a man taken from his coffin and restored to health. He had seen the body of a young lady laid out for dead, the attendants covering her face as he entered, yet allowing him to observe so much as convinced him she was not dead, but sleeping. With a loud voice he cried out that he was come to save her.

"You do not see me, perhaps," he said, "but you hear what I am saying."

And she did hear. His voice reached

her numbed sensations. She made a mighty effort and woke into life.

"That young girl," said the archbishop, in the midst of a profound silence, "is today a wife, the mother of children, and the chief happiness of two of the most distinguished families in Paris."

But the archbishop had another and still more impressive story to tell. In 1826 a young priest fainted in the pulpit and was given up for dead. He was measured for the coffin, the funeral bell was tolled, the "De Profundis" was recited by Episcopal lips. Meanwhile the seeming corpse could hear all that was going on. "You will easily feel how impressive was the agony of the living in that situation. At last, amid murmurs around him, he distinguished the voice of one known to him from childhood. That voice produced a marvelous effect, and stimulated him to superhuman effort. Of what followed I need say no more than that the seeming dead man stood next day in the pulpit from which he had been taken for dead. "That young priest, gentlemen," and here the old man's voice thrilled every listener, "that young priest is the man who stands before you today—more than 40 years later—entreating those in authority not merely to vigilantly enforce execution of the legal requirements in regard to burials, but to enact fresh ones that may prevent the occurrence of irreparable misfortunes."

In spite of official resistance the senate voted that the petition should be referred to the minister of the interior. Some of its modifications of existing laws were eventually adopted. But the French, like the English, have always resisted the innovation of mortuary chambers, such as the German and other nations have adopted, in which the dead are retained for a time before interment. Here mechanical appliances are so arranged that the slightest motion on the part of the buried would sound an alarm and summon an attendant. Since 1828, however, when the system was adopted, not a single case of apparent death has been proved to occur. Of course this negative evidence cannot be cited as conclusive either for or against the system.

History is full of instances of burial during suspended animation, many of which from their gruesome and startling character have passed into literature. Duns Scotus, known as the Subtle, is said to have been buried while in a fit, in the absence of his servant and of all who knew that such fits were periodical with him. When the servant returned he insisted on opening the vault. The corpse was found dead then beyond hope, but bearing all the evidence of a terrible struggle, one hand being bitten off and half eaten. It was, no doubt, the finding of other corpses in a similar condition after burial that led to the hideous medieval superstition of vampires, which fed upon human bodies.

As dreadful a story as any is that of the Emperor Zeno Isaurus, who, during an attack of coma, was put in the mausoleum by his wicked wife, Ariadne, and kept shut up there till he died, although his cries could be plainly heard by the attendants.

Of dead-alive ladies brought to consciousness by grave robbers, covetous of the rings upon their cold fingers, nearly every country has its own story. A well authenticated instance happened at Drogheda, Ireland, in the last century, and was brought back to public attention in 1864 by the death of one Miss Hardman of that place. The lady, who was 92 years of age, left orders that she should not be buried until eight days after the physician pronounced her dead. Her mother, it

Fried Onions.

Indirectly Caused the Death of the World's Greatest General.

It is a matter of history that Napoleon was a gourmand, an inordinate lover of the good things of the table, and history further records that his favorite dish was fried onions; his death from cancer of the stomach it is claimed also was probably caused from his excessive indulgence of this fondness for the odorous vegetable.

The onion is undoubtedly a wholesome article of food, in fact has many medicinal qualities of value, but it would be difficult to find a more indigestible article than fried onions, and to many people they are simply poison, but the onion does not stand alone in this respect. Any article of food that is not thoroughly digested becomes a source of disease and discomfort whether it be fried onions or beef steak.

The reason why any wholesome food is not promptly digested is because the stomach lacks some important element of digestion, some stomachs lack pepsin, others are deficient in gastric juice, still others lack hydrochloric acid.

The one thing necessary to do in any case of poor digestion is to supply those elements of digestion which the stomach lacks, and nothing does this so thoroughly and safely as Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Dr. Richardson, in writing a thesis on treatment of dyspepsia and indigestion, closes his remarks by saying, "for those suffering from acid dyspepsia, shown by sour, watery risings, or for flatulent dyspepsia shown by gas on stomach, causing heart trouble and difficult breathing, as well as for all other forms of stomach trouble, the safest treatment is to take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. I advise them because they contain no harmful drugs, but are composed of valuable digestives, which act promptly upon the food eaten. I never knew a case of indigestion or even chronic dyspepsia which Stuart's Tablets would not reach."

Cheap cathartic medicines claiming to cure dyspepsia and indigestion can have no effect whatever in actively digesting the food, and to call any cathartic medicine a cure for indigestion is a misnomer.

Every druggist in the United States and Canada sells Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, and they are not only the safest and most successful, but the most scientific of any treatment for indigestion and stomach troubles.

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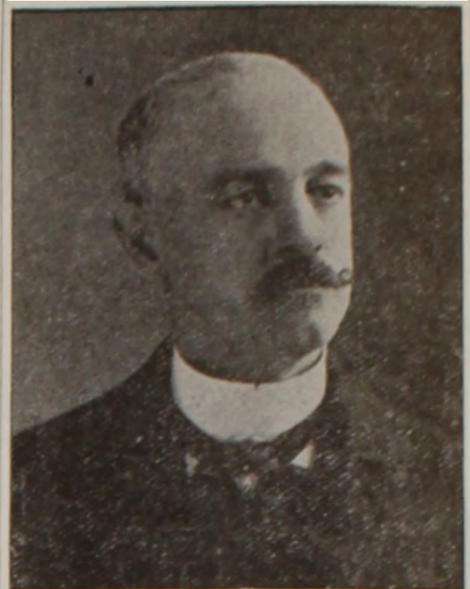
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appears, had been buried while in a trance, and was rescued only by the cupidty of the family butler seeking at night to possess himself of a ring upon her finger.

A celebrated romance of real life, which has also found curious counterparts more or less authenticated in all lands and periods, is the Florentine story of Ginevra. Married against her inclination in the year 1400 to Francesco degli Agolanti, the one of her two lovers who loved her best, Ginevra was buried alive during a trance which looked like death. At midnight she awoke, and horror struck, made her way out of the vault to her husband's house. But he, sorrowful for her death as he was, refused to believe that this pale revenante crying at his door was aught else than a ghost, and repulsed her with a hasty benediction. So did her father; so did her uncle. Then, nearly dying in good earnest, she remembered her other and truer lover, Antonio di Rondinelli, and dragged herself to his doorstep.

He answered her timid knock himself, and though startled at the ghastly vision, calmly inquired what the spirit wanted with him.

Tearing her shroud from her face, Ginevra exclaimed: "I am no spirit, Antonio! I am that Ginevra you once loved, who was buried yesterday—buried alive?" and fell swooning into the welcoming arms of her delighted lover.

He took her in, warmed, fed and comforted her, and when she had been nursed back to health he privately married her. The next Sunday they appeared as man and wife at the cathedral. There was universal consternation among Ginevra's friends. An explanation ensued, which satisfied all but the lady's first husband, who insisted that the original marriage had not been dissolved. The case was referred to the bishop, who decided in favor of Rondinelli on the unscientific but none the less poetically satisfying ground that the lady had really died once and been released from all former ties. The first husband was even obliged to pay over to Rondinelli the dowry he had received with his bride.

Now, to be a Hibernian, this story was told before it happened. Fifty years previous something like it had been told by Boccaccio in the "Decameron," and back of Boccaccio the story can be traced far into the mists of antiquity. So true is it that history repeats itself, although skeptical historians are too apt to see in that repetition a reason for distrust.

According to Boccaccio, Gentil Carisendi was in love with Madonna Catalina, the wife of Niccoluccio Caccianemico. The lady died, as it was thought, and was buried, and the lover, going to lament her in the tomb and to give her the kiss which had been denied him in her lifetime, found that she had been buried alive. He brought her home and nursed her back to health. Then he gave a great banquet, to which the husband was invited. In the midst of the festivities the lady was ushered into the room. Gentil related the circumstances to the astonished guests and asked whether the lady was not rightly his. They all agreed she was, Niccoluccio himself sorrowfully concurring. But Gentil magnanimously restored her to her husband, which, of course, is an unwarrantable liberty with the facts that Boccaccio foreshadowed.

It will be remembered that Tennyson took Boccaccio's story as the basis of his juvenile poem, "The Lover's Tale," and its more mature conclusion, "The Golden Supper," but he has transferred the venue to England.

History is a plagiarist even from folk lore.

It would be easy to go citing from poetry, romance and history example after example of premature burial (it will be remembered that the "Premature Burial" is the title of a ghastly skit by Poe), but space and time have their limitations, and it may be as well to conclude with this eerie tale which comes to us from Spain:

An undertaker in Madrid who lived over his shop, one night gave a grand ball. At the height of the festivities a gentleman in full evening dress joined the company. He danced with the hostess and her daughter, he danced with the guests. He seemed to enjoy himself thoroughly. The undertaker thought he recognized the face, but didn't like to be rude and ask the stranger's name. By and by the guests departed and only the unknown was left.

"Shall I send for a cab for you?" said the host at last.

"No, thank you, I'm staying in the house."

"Staying in the house! Who are you, sir?"

"Why don't you know me? I'm the corpse that was brought in this afternoon."

The undertaker, in horror, rushed to the mortuary chamber, where in Spain it is usual for the dead to be removed. The coffin was empty. His wife and daughter had been dancing with a corpse!

But it turned out that the gentleman had only been in a trance and had suddenly recovered. Hearing the revelry above, and being possessed of a keen though ghastly sense of humor, he had got out of his coffin and joined the festive party. He was presentable, for in Spain the dead are generally buried in full evening dress.

From a late letter in Banner of Light I take extracts. I personally know Mr. Alexander Wilder, Newark, N. J., as a skilled homeopathic physician—a man learned and wholly reliable. He writes:

"I am indebted to our common friend, Mr. Alfred E. Giles, for a copy of Franz Hartmann's monograph, 'Buried Alive.' It is a topic on which I have thought much and anxiously. With our modern medical methods, and the free use of such drugs as aconite, belladonna, digitalis, chloral, morphia, veratrum, gelsemium, the liability to produce an apparent death, from which the unfortunate individual may awake in a coffin and grave, is increased many fold.

As long ago as 1870 I prepared a bill, and my friend, the Hon. A. X. Parker, introduced it into the senate of New York. It provided and required certainty of death before the consignment of the body to the grave. The bill went to the judiciary committee and remained there.

"The 40 days' fast of Dr. Henry S. Tanner, the longer fast of Griscom a year later in Chicago, and the apparent dying of the Fakir at Cahore, with his resuscitation, six weeks later, show that there is room for fear that the hapless wretch buried alive may lie quiet for weeks without any merciful suffocating, till he revives and finds himself in the hell to which in their haste his kindred and 'friends' have

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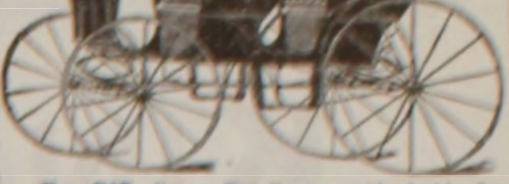
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consigned him.

Dr. Hartmann has enumerated instances; and our own older physicians and undertakers can tell of more, if they will.

"An error of Dr. Hartmann is the mention of Professor Braid as the rediscoverer of what is now called 'hypnotism.' Braid discovered nothing. It is an orthodox doctor's trick never to acknowledge that anything is science or scientific that is discovered by a man outside of their number. Remedies and procedures now accepted as official have been 'introduced to the profession' by the scores, that had been in the hands of other physicians for half a century.

"This animal magnetism discussed about by Paracelsus and Van Helmont, and explained by Anton Mesmer, was ignored, derided and decried till every-

body except doctors acknowledged its genuineness. Then Braid 're-discovers' it, christens it by the name of 'hypnotism,' and now it is orthodox and scientific. The term hypnotism is the monument of a fraud.

"I wish Dr. Hartmann had not unwittingly added his voice to the general falsehood; and I ask him to correct it. I bespeak for his work a place in every library, every household—and what is more essential—in every hotel, inn or public house."

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

During the past ten years Kansas has raised 1,441,890,410 bushels of corn.

The probabilities are that the Paris exposition will not be ready for the public opening on April 15.

A bill has been introduced in the New York legislature requiring the registration of electricians.

Plans have recently been filed in New York city for a seventeen-story apartment house to be built on Fifth avenue.

President McKinley has signed the new currency bill and the United States is now firmly planted on the gold basis.

Frederick L. Olmstead has been appointed by Harvard university as instructor in the course of landscape architecture.

Senator Lodge has introduced a bill to secure for books from public and incorporated libraries second-class rates, that is, 1 cent a pound.

In order to facilitate traffic along the shores of the Dead Sea it has been decided to establish regular intercourse by means of small steamers, and the first steamer has been purchased.

The superintendent of the White Pass and Yukon railroad measured the snowfall at various points along the line of the road for December, with the following results: Glacier, 90½ inches; White Pass, 55 inches; Fraser, 42½ inches; Log Cabin, 74½ inches.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine, daughter-in-law of James G. Blaine, has aston-

ished Chicago again, this time by establishing union labor regulations in her home. Cooks, butlers, chambermaids, dining room girls, gardeners, grooms, coachmen and all—now work in eight-hour shifts.

It is the opinion of many that Prof. James Hyslop has endangered his position as a member of the faculty of Columbia university by his recent utterances on the subject of Spiritualism. His indorsement of Mrs. Piper, the medium, has created considerable adverse criticism at the university.

A breathing apparatus has been invented by an Austrian. It is for use as a rescue apparatus for coal mines. It consists of an India rubber cloth receptacle made in the form of a collar which closely surrounds the wearer's neck, serving as a breathing bag, and at the same time to hold a store of quicklime for absorbing the carbonic acid and water vapor.

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